



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE

13477
16.7B



HAMLET

Digitized by Google

13477.1671

B



Harvard College Library

FROM

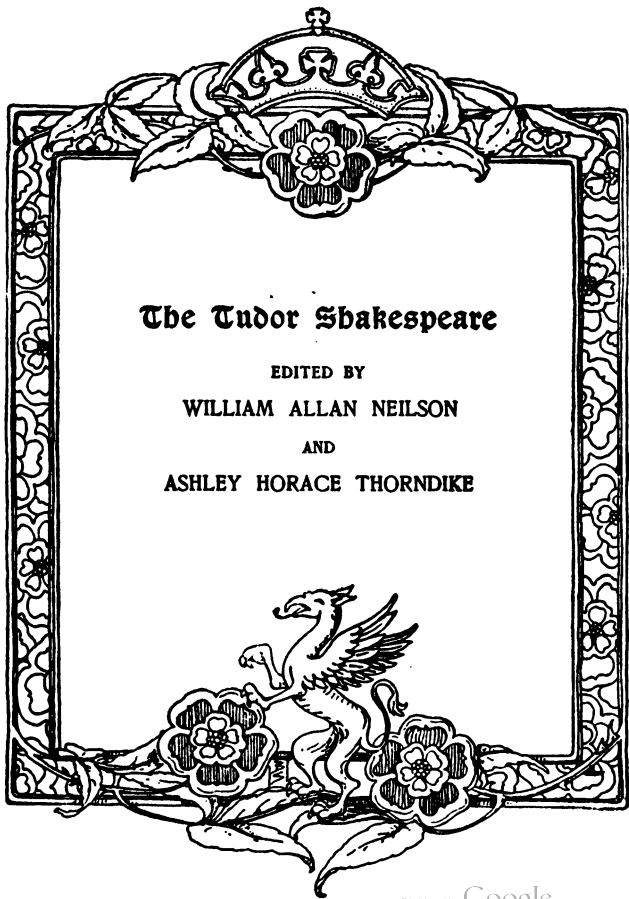
Mrs. Maurice Smith

.....

.....

.....

25
of
13/11



The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

AND

ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

**NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS
ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO**

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED

**LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE**

**THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO**

The Tudor Shakespeare will be published in forty volumes, including all of the plays and poems. It is under the general editorship of WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, Ph.D., of Harvard University, and ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE, Ph.D., L.H.D., of Columbia University. The following volumes, each under the special editorship of an American scholar, are now ready or in preparation.

Already Published

Romeo and Juliet — The GENERAL EDITORS.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream — JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, D.Lit., Professor of English, Columbia University.

Macbeth — ARTHUR C. L. BROWN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Northwestern University.

Henry IV, Part I — FRANK W. CHANDLER, Ph.D., Professor of English and Comparative Literature, University of Cincinnati.

Troilus and Cressida — JOHN S. P. TATLOCK, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Michigan.

Henry V — LEWIS F. MOTT, Ph.D., Professor of English, College of the City of New York.

The Merchant of Venice — HARRY M. AYRES, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, Columbia University.

As You Like It — MARTHA H. SHACKFORD, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College.

Coriolanus — STUART P. SHERMAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Illinois.

Henry VI, Part I — LOUISE POUND, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of Nebraska.

Henry VIII — CHARLES G. DUNLAP, Litt.D., Professor of English Literature, University of Kansas.

Comedy of Errors — FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Washington.

King John — HENRY M. BELDEN, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Missouri.

King Lear — VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE, Ph.D., Dean of Barnard College.

Much Ado About Nothing — WILLIAM W. LAWRENCE, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, Columbia University.

Love's Labour's Lost — JAMES F. ROYSTER, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of North Carolina.

Henry IV, Part II — ELIZABETH DEERING HANBOM, Ph.D., Professor of English, Smith College.

Richard III — GEORGE B. CHURCHILL, Ph.D., Professor of English, Amherst College.

- The Winter's Tale** — LAURA J. WYLIE, Ph.D., Professor of English, Vassar College.
- Othello** — THOMAS M. PARROTT, Ph.D., Professor of English, Princeton University.
- The Two Gentlemen of Verona** — MARTIN W. SAMPSON, A.M., Goldwin Smith Professor of English Literature, Cornell University.
- All's Well that Ends Well** — JOHN L. LOWES, Ph.D., Professor of English, Washington University, St. Louis.
- Richard II** — HARDIN CRAIG, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Minnesota.
- Measure for Measure** — EDGAR C. MORRIS, A.M., Professor of English, Syracuse University.
- Twelfth Night** — WALTER MORRIS HART, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, University of California.
- The Taming of the Shrew** — FREDERICK TUPPER, Jr., Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Vermont.
- Julius Cæsar** — ROBERT M. LOVETT, A.B., Professor of English, University of Chicago.
- Timon of Athens** — ROBERT HUNTINGTON FLETCHER, Ph.D., Professor of English Literature, Grinnell College, Iowa.
- Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece** — CARLETON BROWN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Bryn Mawr College.
- Henry VI, Part III** — ROBERT ADGER LAW, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of English, the University of Texas.
- Cymbeline** — WILL D. HOWE, Ph.D., Professor of English, Indiana University.
- Merry Wives of Windsor** — FRED P. EMBRY, A.M., Professor of English, Dartmouth College.
- Titus Andronicus** — ELMER E. STOLL, Ph.D.
- Pericles** — C. ALPHONSO SMITH, Ph.D., Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English, University of Virginia.
- The Sonnets** — RAYMOND M. ALDEN, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Illinois.
- Hamlet** — GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, A.B., Professor of Dramatic Literature, Harvard University.

In Preparation

- The Tempest** — HERBERT E. GREENE, Ph.D., Professor of English, Johns Hopkins University.
- Henry VI, Part II** — CHARLES H. BARNWELL, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Alabama.
- Antony and Cleopatra** — GEORGE WYLLYS BENEDICT, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, Brown University.



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS HAMLET




THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

Hamlet
Prince of Denmark

EDITED BY

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, A.B.
PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE
IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY



New York
The Macmillan Company
1913

All rights reserved

The Text used is the Neilson Text copyrighted in 1906
by William Allan Neilson

13477.16.7

3



Copyright, 1913

By The Macmillan Company

First edition of this issue of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark"
printed May, 1913

Introduction

Text. — There are three important texts of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*: the First Quarto of 1603; the Second Quarto of 1604; and the First Folio of 1623. Q_1 , of 1605, is merely a reprint of Q_2 ; the title-pages are, except in date, identical; the differences elsewhere justify the conclusion that Q_1 was printed from the same forms as Q_2 , for they are few and only such as are usually found in this period between copies of the same edition. Another quarto, Q_4 , was printed in 1611 for John Smethwick. Though there are variations in copies of this edition, it is, except in the wording of its title-page, Q_2 reprinted. Smethwick published another quarto undated. As it shows, both in title-page and text, spellings later than those of the quartos already named, it is called Q_4 . All subsequent quartos are but more or less exact reprints of this Q_4 .

The title-page of Q_1 reads: "*The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark* By William Shakespeare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N: L. and Iohn Trundell 1603." The title-page of Q_2 reads: "*The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark* By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At

London. Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in Fleet-street, 1604." Q₁ and Q₂ differ greatly. Q₂ changes the order of scenes, rewrites or amplifies sentences, portions of scenes, even whole scenes, and constantly improves the wording.

The four folios offer virtually the same text. If not taken from a quarto now unknown, the First Folio was probably printed from some MS. which Heminge and Condell obtained from the Globe Theatre. F₁ contains 85 lines not in Q₂ and omits 218 lines in it. From the nature of the cuts in F₁, they were made for acting purposes. Its additions are shown by Q₁ to have been already acted by 1603. A standard text, then, must depend, as in the present edition, on a collation of F₁ with Q₁ and Q₂. The passages added from Q₂ are here enclosed in brackets.

Sources. — The Hamlet story is told by Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote his Latin history of Denmark about 1200. The earliest extant text of this account, however, is dated Paris, 1541. From Saxo, Francis de Belleforest developed his version of the story, as the *Troisième Histoire* in the fifth volume of his *Histoires tragiques*, a collection in part original, in part translations. This volume appeared in 1570. An English translation of this third chapter appeared by itself in 1608 as *The Historie of Hamblet*. Many believe, however, that the first edition of this followed almost immediately the printing of the French original. On the other hand, as the success of a play often called forth a ballad or even a prose version, it is striking that in two passages the Eng-

lish *Historie*, which otherwise is a slavish translation of Belleforest, departs completely from its original to agree with Shakespeare. In the French account of the interview of Hamlet with his mother, the original of Polonius hides under a "quilt"; in the English translation he conceals himself, as in Shakespeare, behind "hangings," "arras." Secondly, when Hamlet hears the noise which makes him stab through the hangings, he cries, "A rat, a rat," exactly as in Shakespeare. There is no sign of this in Belleforest. Either, then, two changes were made in a later edition of the translation of Belleforest because of the success of the play, or no translation antedates the play. The French version was, of course, open to Shakespeare at any time.

Most probably, however, in *Hamlet*, as in so many other instances, Shakespeare was working over an older play. In 1589 Thomas Nash wrote in an Epistle, "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to Robert Greene's novel, *Menaphon*, "He turne back to my first text, of studies of delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triviall translators. It is a common practise nowadaies, amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of Noverint whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indevors of art, that could scarcelie latinize their neck-verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as 'bloud is a begger,' and so forth; and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say

handfuls of tragical speeches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum*; what's that will last alwaies? The sea exhaled by droppes will in continuance be drie; and Seneca, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needes die to our stage." The latest opinion¹ favors interpreting this somewhat cryptic passage as a series of slurs on Thomas Kyd, whose father was a scrivener, and who was so "born free" of the trade of those who began their legal papers, "Let all men know by these presents," who showed in his work the influence of Seneca, even paraphrasing him in places; and who did much translating from French and Italian. It has been held, too, that the passage shows that Kyd had written by 1589 a play, *Hamlet*. However this may be, certainly there was a play, *Hamlet*, in existence by June, 1554, for on the ninth of that month Henslowe entered in his *Diary*: "Jn the name of god Amen begininge at Newington my Lord Admeralle & my Lorde chamberlen men, As ffolloweth, 1594:

"9 of June Rd at hamlet viii^s

10 of June Rd at tamyng of A shrowe ix^s

12 of June Rd at andronicus vii^s"

The absence of *ne*, which in the *Diary* has been interpreted to mean "new" and, above all, the small returns are held to show that this *Hamlet* was no novelty. Critics are now fairly agreed that in the *Andronicus* and *The Taming of a Shrew* we have two plays originally belonging to My Lord Pembroke's Company, the first made over

¹ The *Works of Thomas Kyd*. F. S. Boas, 1901. 

at once by Shakespeare, as the quarto of 1594 shows, the second reworked by him before 1600. It looks then as if here we had trace of the older *Hamlet* — the *Ur-Hamlet*, so called, from which he developed his play.

The genealogy of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is, then, fairly clear. Saxo Grammaticus underlies the Belleforest. Belleforest probably was the source of the lost *Ur-Hamlet* of 1589. The play noted by Henslowe in 1594, probably, but not surely, that of 1589, and possibly by Thomas Kyd, was in all probability the chief source of Shakespeare's Q₁. He may, of course, have used Belleforest as an aid, or even the English translation, if there was an edition early enough.

Shakespeare, or more probably both the author of the *Ur-Hamlet* and Shakespeare, changed decidedly the story of Belleforest and the *Historie*. In these "we have a king murdered by his brother, who had previously seduced and has now married his queen; and the son of the king, aiming at revenge, finally achieving it, and using the device of pretended madness to protect himself in the meantime. The prototype of Polonius is killed while eavesdropping, but his character bears little resemblance to that of Shakespeare's Lord Chamberlain; Ophelia and Horatio are merely hinted at; while Laertes, Fortinbras, and several of the minor characters such as the grave-diggers and Osric are altogether absent. The original Hamlet goes to England without interruption from pirates, witnesses the death of his two companions, returns and kills not only the king, but all his courtiers,

goes to England again and marries two wives, one of whom betrays him to his death and marries his slayer."¹

Date. — Some critics have held that Q_1 is only an imperfect representation of a text of Q_2 , already written when Q_1 was printed in 1603; that Q_1 was set up either from short-hand notes taken in the theatre, or from a copy of the play cut down for acting and perhaps completed by the insertion of stuff from an earlier play on the same subject. Others have believed that Q_1 represents, though in a corrupt form, Shakespeare's first draft of the play, while Q_2 gives it as remodelled and enlarged at his leisure. By this second theory the form seen in Q_1 need not be dated near the time of its publication: possibly it was an early production of the poet. A third theory, that of Clark and Wright, is now most widely held. There was an old play, *Hamlet*, perhaps by Thomas Kyd. Some portions of this are preserved in Q_1 , in which we have the form Shakespeare gave the play when he first remodelled it: the original has been retouched but the alterations are not complete. By this theory, Q_1 was probably surreptitiously obtained from short-hand notes hastily made in the theatre. Transcribed, and filled out as best might be where they were lacking or not clear, these notes made the copy for Q_1 . This theory certainly accounts for the many errors of Q_1 that suggest the copyist more than the printer, and for the aural errors, such as *a proved* for *have proved*, *impudent* for *impotent*, etc. It accounts, too, for an arrangement of lines that seems at times to depend on what was heard rather than read.

¹ *Shakespeare's Works*, ed. W. A. Neilson. Boston, 1906, p. 894.

There is little difficulty in dating the play as seen in Q₂. Published in 1604, its style shows that it could not well have been written before 1600 and particularly fits the date its relations to Q₁ suggest, namely 1602-1604. The date of the form in Q₁ is not so easy to settle. In 1596 Thomas Lodge, in his *Wits Miserie*, alludes to "ye ghoste which cried so miserally at ye theator, like an oister-wife, *Hamlet revenge*." But this might refer to the *Hamlet* mentioned by Henslowe in 1594. It is noteworthy, too, that Meres in praising Shakespeare in his *Palladis Tamia* in the autumn of 1598 does not mention *Hamlet*. Moreover, the references to the Chapel Children (Act II, Sc. 2) could not have been made before 1598, for it was in that year that the boys were established under Evans in the Blackfriars. Nor did they at once produce satirical and abusive plays. It was in 1599-1601 that they came into direct rivalry with the men's companies with plays such as the men might have acted, and that they were in the thick of the satirical "War of the Theatres." 1600, therefore, looks like a safe date for Q₁ as a revision by Shakespeare of the *Ur-Hamlet*. Certainly by 1602, as the following entry in the Stationers' Register shows, a *Hamlet*, presumably Shakespeare's, was to be published:

"[1602] xxvj^{to} Julij.

"James Roberts, Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of master Pasfield and master Waterson warden A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince [of] Denmarke as yt was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberlyne his servantes, vjd."

Though it is barely possible, since no printer's name is given on the title-page of Q_1 , that it may have been, like Q_2 , printed by Roberts for N. Ling, this is not probable. The two editions vary greatly; and the words of the title-page of Q_2 , "according to the true and perfect Coppie," suggest an authorized as contrasted with an unauthorized edition. The "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was" recalls the "newly corrected, augmented, and amended" of the title-page of Q_2 of *Romeo and Juliet*. It looks as if, in July, 1602, Roberts had, as he thought, gained the right to print a *Hamlet*, lately acted by Shakespeare's company, but that something prevented its immediate publication. Six months or more later, N. Ling brings out an edition crammed with errors. The next year an authorized text is issued by Ling, but with Roberts as printer, something very suggestive of a compromise, for Ling kept the rights to *Hamlet* till his heirs sold them to Smethwick in 1607. Though Q_2 was "printed by J. R. for N. L.," Roberts is in no way recognized in the Stationers' Register entry of 1607 as having any rights in the play. As the dramatic companies did not like to have their plays printed while still successful on the stage, it looks as if one of two situations held good. If the form of the play badly represented in Q_1 had been in use for some time and was drawing poor houses, the company would have been willing to have it published. But before Roberts could issue it, perhaps "stayed" because Shakespeare had decided completely to revise the play, Ling printed Q_1 , which he had surreptitiously obtained. Shakespeare was annoyed by the appearance of Q_1 , and therefore Q_2 , by a compromise arranged between

Roberts and Ling, was issued by the two. Or, less probably, Roberts originally expected to publish the text as it stands in Q₂, but Ling forestalled him with his surreptitious edition of the earlier form. On this theory also, a coöperative publication followed.

In any case, Q₁ represents a badly heard, badly copied text not later than 1603, probably not earlier than 1598, and presumably of 1600-1602. Q₂ represents the play as Shakespeare saw and felt it: it was probably written in 1602-1604.

Interpretation. — Two extreme views as to Hamlet himself have been advanced. The older, now very rarely urged, is that Hamlet was really driven mad by his responsibilities and sorrows. This view has belonged to the study rather than to the stage. The second view is that the pretended madness of Hamlet was meant to have for the audience of the time a comic aspect.¹ It is, however, one thing to prove that the Elizabethans saw much more of the comic than we can in madness; that a debased German version of the *Hamlet* story, *Der Bestrafte Brudermord*, uses the pretended madness for comic effect; and that it is quite possible the *Ur-Hamlet*, ascribed to Kyd, so used the madness; it is quite another matter to show any resulting inevitable connection between all this and the conclusion that Shakespeare meant the pretended madness to be comic. If he did, then in scenes profoundly moving and rich in the finest psychology he worked for a laughter that must

¹*The Elizabethan Hamlet.* J. Corbin, 1895.

largely break the very emotional spell he seems to be seeking to create. If he did this, it is the only instance of such wasteful artistry, of such wilful debauching of his powers, by Shakespeare.

The critical history of the play shows, however, that seeming contradictions (as in the age of Hamlet), a style often connotative to the utmost, and the very subtlety of the characterization, tempt to varied, individual, and even over-ingenious interpretation. Even as to the pretended madness, views diametrically opposed have been held. Werder's view may be summarized thus: "Hamlet does all that can be expected of the ideal hero of romance, but his task is impossible. He is slow to find a way because no way is to be found. Claudius is all-powerful and strongly entrenched and Hamlet has no evidence. The play is not the tragedy of inefficiency, but of heroic endeavor in the face of insuperable obstacles." Coleridge, on the other hand, maintained that "a simple act is required of [Hamlet], an act which a narrower man might perform straightway; but in Hamlet's mind such illimitable vistas of speculation are opened up that his will shrinks before them. Though recognizing his plain duty, and though feverishly eager to do it, he cannot force himself to action. Thus he fritters time away in reflection and introspection, till at last he himself is involved in ruin, and dies the victim of his own paralysis." This view, modified somewhat in each case by the personality of the writer, has been held by many recent leading Shakespearean critics. More than once lately critics have accounted for this wide divergence in interpreting the central figure by point-

ing to the fact that Hamlet himself is an evolution, not the sole creation of Shakespeare's brain. Saxo gave something to Belleforest. The amplified version of Belleforest was adapted for the stage under Senecan influences, by some one, probably Kyd. This very popular play was twice revised by Shakespeare before the Hamlet who puzzles the critics emerges. "Kyd's Hamlet does most of the deeds of the play, and Shakespeare's Hamlet thinks most of the thoughts. Kyd is responsible for most of the plot and Shakespeare for most of the characterization. Thus the Kyd-Shakespeare composite hero follows up one man's thoughts with another man's deeds, and confronts with Shakespeare's soul a situation of Kyd's devising."¹ This may force too far the danger of contradictions that certainly inheres whenever one man, no matter how great, makes over independently and at a different time another man's work, but it deserves consideration. Always, however, it must be remembered, that the truer the drawing of a subtle character, the surer the result, that, as in real life, six observers will hold six very different opinions about that character.

Relation to Contemporary Drama. — About 1587 the "Drama of Blood" came into prominence with *The Spanish Tragedy*, attributed to Thomas Kyd. Broadly speaking, this drama is the tragedy of romantic material, as distinguished from material gathered from chronicle history or domestic crime. In its ideas of structure and rhetoric and certain figures, notably the Ghost, gained from Seneca, are used in accordance with the tastes

¹ *The Genesis of Hamlet.* C. M. Lewis, 1907.

of the public of the day. It flourished well into the first decade of the seventeenth century, developing a special group of "revenge" plays, in which a son seeks retribution for the death of a father, or a father seeks justice for a son's murder. Notable examples are Marston's *Antonio's Revenge* of 1599-1600, Chettle's *Tragedy of Hoffman, or Revenge for a Father*, 1602, and Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*, published in 1607. It is to be noted that no quarto of *The Spanish Tragedy* names its author, and that the attribution to Kyd is on the authority of Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. The *Ur-Hamlet* is attributed to Kyd on the strength of the quotation cited from Greene and the similarities between *The Spanish Tragedy* and what it is held Q₁ shows the original play must have been. On this somewhat tenuous evidence Kyd is the founder of the "Drama of Blood." Shakespeare is the only dramatist in all the group who can transmute the melodramatic romantic materials into genuine tragedy. This he does by his perfect characterization, his absolute grasp on the relation of cause and effect in human conduct.

Traces of a coarsened, garbled form of the Hamlet story can be found in Germany as early as 1626, and it was published in 1710 as *Der Bestrafte Brudermord*. Attempts have been made to show that it derives directly from Shakespeare's play. Recent criticism, however, agrees with Dr. Furness in his summing up of the matter: "There can be little doubt that in *Fratricide Punished* we have a translation of an English tragedy, and most probably the one which is the groundwork of the Quarto of

1603." That is, it stands between Q_1 and Belleforest as a translation of the *Ur-Hamlet* debased, disintegrated in successive efforts of English actors playing in their own tongue originally to hold and entertain popular audiences in Germany. Broadening action, overemphasis, the intrusion of the vulgarly comic, may all be traced to this struggle.

Stage History. — Since the time of Burbadge, *Hamlet* has been the touchstone by which the great and the would-be great actors have approved their skill. It was the third play acted at D'Avenant's new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the spring of 1662. Downes in his *Roscius Anglicanus* says: "No succeeding tragedy for several years got more reputation." Betterton, Garrick, John Kemble, Kean, Macready, Edwin Booth, Irving, have all been famous in the part. Though the play has often been cut and even re-ordered in its scenes, it, on the whole, suffered least from the fondness of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries for re-writing and "improving" Shakespeare. It has produced at least three notable descriptions of actors in the chief part: Colley Cibber's of Betterton; Fielding's, in "Partridge at the Play," of Garrick, and Lichtenberg's of the same actor.¹ It was translated into French in 1745-1748 by De la Place, and by Ducis in 1769 was given the rendering best known in France till the nineteenth century. In 1766 Wieland translated it into German, and the next year Lessing wrote admiringly of it in his *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.

¹ Cibber's *Apology*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Bk. xvi, ch. 5, and the *Variorum Hamlet*, II. 269-272.

Introduction

Style. — The amount of ingenious discussion on certain difficult places in *Hamlet* tends to give a wrong impression of the play. The growth of the language and rapidly changing customs call for considerable annotation. Careless scribes, careless typesetters, Elizabethan actors carelessly inserting changes in the text, have all left their marks, but nevertheless in almost every instance so clear is the thought, so compelling the emotion of the whole passage that he who is able to respond to the feeling may pass swiftly on, nor miss it because of those moments when the exact meaning is dubious. Read again and again, each time *Hamlet* will reveal new beauties in its combined accuracy and imaginativeness of phrase, its profundity and fidelity of characterization, and its subtle surmounting of technical dramaturgic difficulties. It is the masterpiece of Shakespeare's masterpieces.



**The Tragedy of Hamlet,
Prince of Denmark**

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTS,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

A Priest.

Players.

Two CLOWDS, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GETRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other
Attendants.

SCENE: *Elsinore, Denmark.*]

The Tragedy of Hamlet



ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[Elsinore. A platform before the castle.]

Francisco [at his post. Enter to him] Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He. 5

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane. 15

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good-night. *Exit.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus. 20

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us; 25

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber.

Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears, 31
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, 35
When yond same star that's westward from the
 pole
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Enter the Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off! Look, where it comes
 again! 40

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio. 45

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that fair and warlike form
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark
 Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee,
 speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away! 50

Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

55

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on

60

When he the ambitious Norway combated.

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. 66

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch 71

So nightly toils the subject of the land,

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week. 76

As it doth well appear unto our state — 101
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost ; and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations, 105
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

[*Ber.* I think it be no other but e'en so.

Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch, so like the
 King

That was and is the question of these wars. 111

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted
 dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. 116

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse. 120
 And even the like precurse of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.] 125

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me;
If there be any good thing to be done 130
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me;
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O speak! 135
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it; stay, and speak! (*Cock crows.*)

Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? 140

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! *Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable, 145
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine ; and of the truth herein 155
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long ; 160
 And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it. 165
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life, 170
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. 175

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[A room of state in the castle.]

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Ophelia, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in 'one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature 5
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, — 10
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole, —
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone 15
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know: young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message

Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, 24
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears 30
 Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress
 His further gait herein, in that the levies,
 The lists and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, 35
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these delated articles allow. [*Giving a paper.*]
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

[*Cor.*] } In that and all things will we show our duty. 40
 [*Vol.*] }

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg,
 Laertes,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
 Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee? 75

Ham. Seems, madam ! Nay, it is ; I know not "seems."

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play ;
 But I have that within which passeth show, 85
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
 Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father.
 But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
 That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation for some term 91
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment is a course
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, 95
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day, 105
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain 115
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
I prithee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam. 120

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day, 125
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit
 again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! 130
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seems to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! oh fie, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
 nature 136
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not
 two.

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother 140
 That he might not betem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month, — 145
 Let me not think on't! — Frailty, thy name is
woman! —

A little month, or e'er those shoes were old

With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, — why she, even she —
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer — married with mine
uncle, 151

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules; within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes, 155
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good. —
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well.

Horatio! — or I do forget myself. 161

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with
you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Marcellus? 165

Mar. My good lord!

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*] Good
even, sir. —

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so, 170

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. 175

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student.

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd-
meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!

My father! — Methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh, where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king. 186

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who? 190

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true, 221
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you? 226

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up. 230

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there. 235

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly? No?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, 241
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape 245
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue. 250
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you; farewell.

Exeunt [all but Hamlet].

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well; 255
I doubt some foul play. Would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
 eyes. *Exit.*

SCENE III

[*A room in Polonius's house.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd, farewell ;
 And, sister, as the winds give benefit
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favours, 5
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The [perfume and] suppliance of a minute ;
 No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more : 10
 For nature crescent does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch 15
 The virtue of his will ; but you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;

For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20
The sanity and health of the whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves
you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it 25
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmask'ed importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire. 35
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd, 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep, 45
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, 50
 And recks not his own rede.

Laer.

O, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long : but here my father comes.
 A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ? Aboard, aboard, for shame !
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, 56
 And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing with
 you !

And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in, 66
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ; 75
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it. 86

Laer. Farewell. *Exit.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought. 90

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so — as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution — I must tell you, 95
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
 What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! You speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby 105
 That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
 dearly,

Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Running it thus — you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love 110
 In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
 lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know, 115
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time,
daughter, 120

Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence.

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk 125

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130

The better to beguile. This is for all :

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways. 135

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*The platform.*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor.

I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not. Then it draws near
the season 5

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off
[within].*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, 10
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't,

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom 15

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

[This heavy-headed revel east and west

Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations.

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes 20

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth — wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin — 26

By their o'ergrowth of some complexion

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausive manners, that these men, 30
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
 His virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo —
 Shall in the general censure take corruption 35
 From that particular fault. The dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance often dout
 To his own scandal.]

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, 40

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father ; royal Dane, O, answer me ! 45

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws, 50

To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition 55
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we
 do? *Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It wafts you to a more removed ground. 61
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee, 65
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? Think of it.
 [The very place puts toys of desperation, 75
 Without more motive, into every brain

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing 5
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 10
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word 15
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine. 20
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, Hamlet, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ! 26

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
It's given out that, sleeping in mine orchard, 35
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd ; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul ! 40
Mine uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, —
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce ! — won to his shameful lust 45
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, 55
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.

But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning's air.
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon, 60
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment ; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man 65
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about, 71
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once dispatch'd ;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, 76
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive 85
 Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. 90
 Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, my heart,
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee! 95
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, 100
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, yes, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
 My tables, my tables, — meet it is I set it down !
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain !
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ; 110
 It is "Adieu, adieu ! remember me."
 I have sworn't.

Mar. } (*Within.*) My lord, my lord !
Hor. }

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet !

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

Mar. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord ! 115

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! Come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O, wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord. 120

Ham. How say you, then, would heart of man once
 think it ? —

But you'll be secret ?

Hor. }
Mar. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark —
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave 125
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are i' the right.
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part ;
You, as your business and desires shall point you,
For every man has business and desire, 130
Such as it is ; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, 136
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, 141
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.
Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

- Hor.* In faith,
My lord, not I.
- Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith. 146
- Ham.* Upon my sword.
- Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.
- Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
- Ghost.* Swear! *Ghost cries under the stage.*
- Ham.* Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art thou there,
truepenny? 150
Come on; you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Consent to swear.
- Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.
- Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Swear by my sword.
- Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear. 155
- Ham.* *Hic et ubique?* Then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword. 160
- Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.
- Ham.* Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so
fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good
friends.
- Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
- Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. 165
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. †
 But come;
 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, — 170
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on —
 That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumb'ed thus, or this headshake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 175
 As "Well, we know," or "We could, an if we
 would,"
 Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if they
 might,"
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me, — this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear. 181

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So,
 gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you.
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is 185
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right! 190
 Nay, come, let's go together.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[*A room in Polonius's house.*]

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it. 5

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question 10
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of
him,

As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him." Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord. 16

Pol. "And in part him; but," you may say, "not well.

Mark you,
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence ; 45
 "Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"
 According to the phrase and the addition
 Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this — he does —
 What was I about to say ? [By the mass,] I was 50
 about to say something. Where did I leave ?

Rey. At "closes in the consequence," at "friend or
 so," and "gentleman."

Pol. At "closes in the consequence," ay, marry.
 He closes with you thus : "I know the gentleman.
 I saw him yesterday, or t'other day, 56
 Or then, or then, with such and such ; and, as you
 say,

There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in 's rouse ;
 There falling out at tennis ;" or, perchance,
 "I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth ;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlasses and with assays of bias, 65
 By indirections find directions out.

So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God buy you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord. 70

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell ! *Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia ! what's the matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted ! 75

Pol. With what, in the name of God ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle, 80
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, — he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ? 86

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face 90
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.

At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk 95

And end his being. That done, he lets me go ;
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
 For out o' doors he went without their help,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me. 100

Pol. [Come,] go with me, I will go seek the King.
 This is the very ecstasy of love,
 Whose violent property fordoes itself
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings
 As oft as any passion under heaven 105
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, —
 What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters and deni'd
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
 I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wreck thee ; but beshrew my jeal-
 ousy !

Some little time ; so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather 15
 So much as from occasions you may glean,
 [Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,]
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;
 And sure I am two men there are not living 20
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry and good will
 As to expend your time with us a while
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks 25
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent 30
 To lay our services freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz,
 And I beseech you instantly to visit 35
 My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
 And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him !

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence 66

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more 70
To give the assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual

fee,

And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown, 76

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for his enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; 80

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

[Reads] the letter.

“To the celestial and my soul’s idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,” — 110

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; “beautified”
is a vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus :
“In her excellent white bosom, these.”

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while. I will be faithful. 115
[Reads.]

“Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

“O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I 120
have not art to reckon my groans ; but that I
love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady,
Whilst this machine is to him,

HAMLET.”

This in obedience hath my daughter show’d me,
And more above, hath his solicitings, 126
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv’d his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable. 130

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing, —
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me, — what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think, 135
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? No; I went round to
work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 140
“Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.
This must not be;” and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; 145
And he, repulsed — a short tale to make —
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness whereon now he raves, 150
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time — I'd fain know
that —

That I have positively said, “'Tis so,”
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know. 155

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours to-
gether 160
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he has, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter. If he love her not
And be not from his reason fallen thereon, 165
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading on a book.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.

Exeunt King, Queen [and Attendants].

O, give me leave, 170

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

175

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord !

Ham. Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a good kissing carrion, — Have you a
daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun. Conception is 185
a blessing, but not as your daughter may con-
ceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. [*Aside.*] How say you by that ? Still harping 190
on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first ;
he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far
gone. And truly in my youth I suff' red much
extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak
to him again. — What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

195

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir ; for the satirical slave says here
that old men have grey beards, that their faces
are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber or 200
plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful

lack of wit, together with weak hams ; all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward. 205

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. — Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my grave ? 210

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. — My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you. 215

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, — [*Aside*] except my life, my life. 220

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet ? There he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius.*] God save you, sir ! 225

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord !

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou,
 Guildenstern ? Oh, Rosencrantz ! Good lads,
 how do ye both ?

230

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

235

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the
 middle of her favour ?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? Oh, most
 true ; she is a strumpet. What's the news ?

240

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown
 honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near. But your news
 is not true. Let me question more in par-
 ticular. What have you, my good friends, de-
 served at the hands of Fortune, that she sends
 you to prison hither ?

245

Guil. Prison, my lord ?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

250

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many
 confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark
 being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is 255
nothing either good or bad, but thinking
makes it so. To me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one. 'Tis
too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell 260
and count myself a king of infinite space,
were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for
the very substance of the ambitious is merely
the shadow of a dream. 265

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and
light a quality that it is but a shadow's
shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our mon-
archs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' 270
shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my
fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with
the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you 275
like an honest man, I am most dreadfully
attended. But in the beaten way of friend-
ship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, 280

but I thank you ; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, deal justly with me. Come, come. Nay, speak. 285

Guil. What should we say, my lord ?

Ham. Why, anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 290

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no ! 295

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you ? 300

Ham. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. — If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise ; and in- 305

deed it goes so heavily with my disposition that
 this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a 310
 sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy,
 the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,
 this majestical roof fretted with golden
 fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than
 a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. 315
 What a piece of work is a man! How noble
 in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form
 and moving how express and admirable! In
 action how like an angel! In apprehension
 how like a god! The beauty of the world! 320
 The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what
 is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not
 me, — no, nor woman neither, though by your
 smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my
 thoughts. 325

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said,
 "Man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man,
 what lenten entertainment the players shall
 receive from you. We coted them on the way, 330
 and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his
 majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous
 knight shall use his foil and target;
 the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous 335

man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they? 340

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. 345

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd? 350

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages — so they call them — that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither. 360

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?

Will they not say afterwards, if they should
grow themselves to common players, — as it is 365
most like, if their means are no better — their
writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim
against their own succession ?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both
sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre 370
them to controversy. There was for a while no
money bid for argument unless the poet and
the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible ?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of 375
brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away ?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord ; Hercules and his
load too.

Ham. It is not strange ; for mine uncle is King of 380
Denmark, and those that would make mows at
him while my father lived, give twenty, forty,
[fifty,] an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in
little. ['Sblood,] there is something in this more
than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 385

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.
Your hands, come. The appurtenance of wel-
come is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply
with you in the garb, lest my extent to the 390

players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ? 395

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. [*Aside to them.*] Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer : that great 400 baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouds.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the 405 players ; mark it. [*Aloud.*] You say right, sir ; for o' Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome, — 410

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz !

Pol. Upon mine honour, —

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass," —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for trag- 415

edy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited ; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 420

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why, 425

“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.”

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a 430
daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord ?

Ham. Why, 435
“As by lot, God wot,”

and then, you know,

“It came to pass, as most like it was,” —
The first row of the pious chanson will show you
more, for look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

You're welcome, masters, welcome all. I am 440
glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends.

O, my old friend ! Thy face is valanc'd since I
saw thee last ; com'st thou to beard me in Den-
mark ? What, my young lady and mistress !
By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than 445
when I saw you last, by the altitude of a cho-
pine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of
uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.
Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't
like French falconers — fly at anything we see ; 450
we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a
taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but
it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above 455
once. For the play, I remember, pleas'd not
the million ; 'twas caviare to the general ; but
it was — as I receiv'd it, and others, whose
judgement in such matters cried in the top
of mine — an excellent play, well digested in 460
the scenes, set down with as much modesty as
cunning. I remember, one said there were no
sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury,
nor no matter in the phrase that might indict
the author of affectation ; but call'd it an
honest method, [as wholesome as sweet, and 465
by very much more handsome than fine.]
One speech in it I chiefly lov'd ; 'twas Æneas'
tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially

where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see —

“The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,”
— It is not so. It begins with Pyrrhus: —

“The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble 475
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot
Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, 481
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus 485
Old grandsire Priam seeks.”

[So, proceed you.]

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good
accent and good discretion.

1. *Play.* “Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, 492
Repugnant to command. Unequal match,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword 495
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear ; for, lo ! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head 500
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick.
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm, 505
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region ; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ; 510
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour forg'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune ! All you gods, 515
In general synod take away her power !
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends !”

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
Prithee, say on ; he's for a jig or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on ; come to
Hecuba.

1. *Play*. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen" — 525

Ham. "The mobled queen" ?

Pol. That's good ; "mobled queen" is good.

1. *Play*. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flame

With bisson rheum, a clout about that head
 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe, 530
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ; —
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-
 nounc'd.

But if the gods themselves did see her then, 535
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 Unless things mortal move them not at all,
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of
 heaven, 540

And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whe'er he has not turn'd his colour
 and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no
 more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest 545
 soon. Good my lord, will you see the players
 well bestow'd ? Do ye hear ? Let them be
 well us'd, for they are the abstracts and brief

chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill 550 report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better. Use every man after his desert, and who should scape 555 whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Exit.

Ham. Follow him, friends ; we'll hear a play to- 560 morrow. [*Exeunt all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play "The Murder of Gonzago"?

1. Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, 565 for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could ye not?

1. Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, — and look 570 you mock him not. [*Exit 1. Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern].

Ham. Ay, so, God buy ye. — Now I am alone. 575

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd, 580
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, 585
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free, 590
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, 595
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face, 600
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the throat
As deep as to the lungs, who does me this ?
Ha !

[’Swounds,] I should take it ; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver’d and lack gall 605
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave’s offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain !

O, vengeance ! 610
Why, what an ass am I ! Sure, this is most
brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab, 615
A scullion !

Fie upon’t ! Foh ! About, my brain ! I have
heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently 620
They have proclaim’d their malefactions ;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I’ll have these play-
ers

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I’ll observe his looks ; 625
I’ll tent him to the quick. If he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be the devil ; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.



ACT THIRD

SCENE

[A room in the castle.]

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
and Guildenstern.*

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted ; 5
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ? 10

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ? 15

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way ; of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it. They are about the court,
 And, as I think, they have already order 20
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true.
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclin'd. 25
 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern].

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30
 Affront Ophelia.
 Her father and myself, lawful espials,
 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behaved, 35
 If't be the affliction of his love or no
 That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your vir-
 tues

And by opposing end them. To die ; to sleep ; 60
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ; to sleep ; —
 To sleep ? Perchance to dream ! Ay, there's the
 rub ; 65
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
 tumely, 71
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make 75
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will 80
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 85

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it 115 proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me, for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you not. 120

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had 125 not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling 130 between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he 135 may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell!

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as 140
pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
Get thee to a nunnery, go. Farewell! Or,
if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise
men know well enough what monsters you
make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly 145
too. Farewell!

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well
enough. God has given you one face, and you
make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, 150
and you lisp and nick-name God's creatures
and make your wantonness your ignorance.
Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me
mad. I say, we will have no more marriages.
Those that are married already, all but one, 155
shall live; the rest shall keep as they are.
To a nunnery, go. *Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, 165

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh ;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
 Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ; 170
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his
 soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
 Will be some danger ; which for to prevent, 175
 I have in quick determination

Thus set it down : he shall with speed to England
 For the demand of our neglected tribute.

Haply the seas and countries different
 With variable objects shall expel 180

This something-settled matter in his heart,
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well ; but yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of this grief 185
 Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia !
 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;
 We heard it all. My lord, do as you please,
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him 190

To show his griefs. Let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King.

It shall be so. 195

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*A hall in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing

5
10

Termagant. It out-herods Herod. Pray you, 15
avoid it.

1. *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to
the word, the word to the action; with this 20
special observance, that you o'erstep not the
modesty of nature. For anything so over-
done is from the purpose of playing, whose
end, both at the first and now, was and is, to
hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to
show virtue her own feature, scorn her own 25
image, and the very age and body of the time
his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or
come tardy off, though it make the unskilful
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve;
the censure of the which one must, in your 30
allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.
O, there be players that I have seen play, and
heard others praise, and that highly, not to
speak it profanely, that, neither having the
accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, 35
pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed
that I have thought some of Nature's journey-
men had made men and not made them well,
they imitated humanity so abominably.

1. *Play.* I hope we have reform'd that indifferently 40
with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. 45 50

Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! Will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two help to hasten them? 55

Ros. } We will, my lord.
Guil. }

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What ho! Horatio.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal. 60

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter,
 For what advancement may I hope from thee
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
 be flatter'd?
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, 65
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been 70
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
 Whose blood and judgement are so well commin-
 gled,
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger 75
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
 There is a play to-night before the King. 80
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle. If his occulted guilt 85
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital 110
a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your pa-
tience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by
me. 115

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attrac-
tive. [*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's 125
legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I? 130

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should
a man do but be merry? For, look you, how
cheerfully my mother looks, and my father
died within's two hours. 135

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black,

for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive 140
~~his life half a year~~; but, by'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot." 145

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and Queen very lovingly, the Queen embracing him. She kneels and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the
play? 150

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow. The play-
ers cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be
not you asham'd to show, he'll not shame 155
to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark
the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency, 160
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter [two Players,] King and his Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone
round 165

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, 200
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. 205
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange 210
That even our loves should with our fortunes
change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies ;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies. 215
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun, 220
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown ;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven
 light ! 226

Sport and repose lock from me day and night !
 [To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !]
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230
 Meet what I would have well and it destroy !
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now !

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a
 while. 235

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. *Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain !

Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks. 240

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there
 no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No
 offence i' the world. 245

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna. Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon. 'Tis a 250
 knavish piece of work, but what o' that? Your Majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord. 255

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come, "the croaking raven doth below for revenge." 265

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing.

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
 With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property 270
 On wholesome life usurp immediately.

Pours the poison in [to the sleeper's] ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate.
 His name's Gonzago ; the story is extant, and
 writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how
 the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife. 275

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire ?

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away ! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights !

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalled play ;
 For some must watch, while some must sleep, —
 So runs the world away. 285

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers —
 if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me —
 with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes,
 get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
 This realm dismantled was
 Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here
 A very, very — pajock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word
for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! Come, the
recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. 305

Come, some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, sir, — 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distem-
per'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler. 315

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer
to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to
put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge
him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some 320
frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir ; pronounce.

Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome. 325

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's commandment ; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business. 330

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's diseas'd. But, sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command, or, rather, as you 335 say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say, —

Ros. Then thus she says : your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a 340 mother ! But is there no sequel at the heels of his mother's admiration ? [Impart.]

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our 345 mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of dis- 350
temper? You do surely bar the door upon
your own liberty if you deny your griefs to
your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice 355
of the King himself for your succession in
Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but "While the grass grows," — the
proverb is something musty.

Re-enter one with a recorder.

O, the recorder! Let me see. — To withdraw 360
with you:— why do you go about to recover the
wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love
is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you 365
play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you. 370

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ven-
tages with your finger and thumb, give it
breath with your mouth, and it will discourse

most excellent music. Look you, these are 375
the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utter-
ance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing 380
you make of me! You would play upon me,
you would seem to know my stops, you would
pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would
sound me from my lowest note to the top of
my compass; and there is much music, excel-
lent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you 385
make it [speak. 'Sblood,] do you think that
I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call
me what instrument you will though you can
fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir. 390

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and
presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud that's almost in
shape like a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed. 395

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. 400

[*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. "By and by" is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night 408
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature! Let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites; 415
How in my words soever she be shent
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

Exit.

SCENE III

[*A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure 5
 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
 Most holy and religious fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe
 That live and feed upon your Majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance, but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty 15
 Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel,
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence, 21
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
 For we will fetters put upon this fear, 25
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. }
Guil. } We will haste us.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him
 home ;
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
 hear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
 liege.
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ; 36
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will.
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent, 40
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens 45
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
 mercy

the innocent of Macbeth. Digitized by Google

But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up; 50
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"
 ?

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen. 55
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above. 60
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent? 66
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of
 steel, 70
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

[Retires and] kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.
And now I'll do't. — And so he goes to heaven ;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd.
A villain kills my father, and for that, 76
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Oh, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And how his audit stands who knows save
Heaven ?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul, 85
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No !
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed, 90
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't, —
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays. 95
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit.

King. [*Rising.*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Exit.

SCENE IV

[*The Queen's closet.*]

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here. Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. (*Within.*) Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 10

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
But would you were not so ! You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not
budge.

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20

Queen. What wilt thou do ? Thou wilt not murder me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help, help, help !

Ham. [*Drawing.*] How now ! A rat ? Dead, for a
ducat, dead !

Kills Polonius [through the arras].

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain !

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Is it the King ? 26

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ! Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. 30

[Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !
 I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

— Leave wringing of your hands. Peace ! Sit
 you down,

And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall, 35
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
 tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act 40
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths ; O, such a deed 45
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow,
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow : 55

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,

A station like the herald Mercury

! New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,

A combination and a form indeed, 60

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband. Look you now what
follows :

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, 66

And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?

You cannot call it love, for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgement ; and what judge-
ment 70

Would step from this to this ? [Sense sure you
have,

Else could you not have motion ; but sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice, 75

To serve in such a difference.] What devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?

[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80
Could not so mope.]

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame 85
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots 90
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty, —

Queen. O, speak to me no more!
These words like daggers enter in mine ears. 95
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain!
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord! A vice of kings!
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 100
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches, —
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious
figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad! 105

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget! This visitation 110
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you, 115

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look? 124

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
 Lest with this piteous action you convert
 My stern effects; then what I have to do 129
 Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look, how it steals away!
 My father, in his habit as he lived! 135

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy! 139

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music. It is not madness

That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,

And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, 145

That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come, 150
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them rank. Forgive me this my virtue,
 For in the fatness of these pury times
~~Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,~~
 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good. 155

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
 That aptly is put on.] Refrain to-night, 165
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence; [the next more easy;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either master the devil or throw him out,
 With wondrous potency.] Once more, good-night;
 And when you are desirous to be blest, 171
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister. 175
 I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

[One word more, good lady.]

Queen.

What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do : 181

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,

Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out, 186

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know ;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190

Such dear concernings hide ? Who would do so ?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep, 195

And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England ; you know that ?

Queen.

Alack,

I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

201

Ham. [There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate. They must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work; 205

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.] 210

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.

Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave. 215

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good-night, mother.

Exeunt [severally,] Hamlet tugging in Polonius.



ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*A room in the castle.*]

Enter King [Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern].

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. [Bestow this place on us a little while.]

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night! 5

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the seas and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat, a rat!"
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills 11
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all,

To you yourself, to us, to every one. 15

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young man. But so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit, 20
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
 O'er whom his very madness, like some ore 25
 Among a mineral of metals base,
 Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away !
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed 30
 We must, with all our majesty and skill,
 Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern !

[Re-]enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
 Go seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body 36
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends
 To let them know both what we mean to do
 And what's untimely done ; [so, haply, slander] 40
 [Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank, Google.

Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.] O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } (*Within.*) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guil. }

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O,
here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead
body? 5

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what? 10

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!
What replication should be made by the son of
a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord? 15

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the King best service in the end. He keeps them, as an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. 20

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. 25

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing — 30

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King [and two or three].

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him. He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

~~Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,~~ 5
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and
even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved, 10
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! What hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us. 15

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. 20

A certain convocation of [politic] worms are
e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor
for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us,
and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat

king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table ; that's the end. 25

[*King.* Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.] 30

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not [within] this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby. 35

King. Go seek him there. 40

[*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety, —

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, — must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness ; therefore prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help, 46
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom

And ever three parts coward, — I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do,"
Sith I have cause and will and strength and
means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me ; 46
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw 55
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain ? O, from this time forth, 65
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

SCENE V

[*Elsinore. A room in the castle.*]

Enter Queen, Horatio [and a Gentleman].

Queen. I will not speak with her.

[*Gent.*] She is importunate, indeed distract.

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

[*Gent.*] She speaks much of her father; says she
hears

There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats
her heart, 5

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection. They aim at it

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them, 11

Indeed would make one think there would be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

[*Hor.*] 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. 15

Let her come in.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Queen. [*Aside.*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is.

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss ;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Enter Ophelia, distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia !

Oph. [*Sings.*]

“How should I your true love know
 From another one ?
 By his cockle hat and staff, 25
 And his sandal shoon.”

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you ? Nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings.*] “He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone ; 30
 At his head a grass-green turf
 At his heels a stone.”

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia, —

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings.*] “White his shroud as the mountain
 snow,” —

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings.*]

“Larded with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.”

King. How do you, pretty lady ? 40

Oph. Well, God 'ild you ! They say the owl was
a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we
are, but know not what we may be. God be
at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father. 45

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this, but
when they ask you what it means, say you this :

[*Sings.*] “To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window, 50
To be your Valentine.

“Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.” 55

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath I'll make an end
on't.

“By gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack ! and, Fie for shame ! 60

Young men will do't, if they come to't ;
By Cock, they are to blame.

“Quoth she, ‘Before you tumbled me,
You promis’d me to wed.’
‘So would I ha’ done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.’” 65

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient ;
but I cannot choose but weep, to think they
should lay him i’ the cold ground. My brother 70
shall know of it ; and so I thank you for your
good counsel. Come, my coach ! Good-night,
ladies ; good-night, sweet ladies ; good-night,
good-night. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray
you. *[Exeunt some.]*

O, this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs 76
All from her father’s death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain ;
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove ; the people muddied, 81
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,
For good Polonius’ death ; and we have done but
greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him ; poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgement, 85
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts ;
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places 95
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this ?

King. Where are my Switzers ? Let them guard the
door.

What is the matter ?

Mess. Save yourself, my lord !

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste 100
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
(The ratifiers and props of every word,) 105
They cry, "Choose we ! Laertes shall be king !"

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
 "Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 110

Enter Laertes [armed; Danes following].

King. The doors are broke. *Noise within.*

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all with-
 out.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. 114

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you; keep the door. O thou vile king,
 Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me
 bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
 Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? 121

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, 125

Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with. 130
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd 135
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world.

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty 140
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your re-
venge

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican, 146
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
 Like a good child and a true gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your father's death,
 And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150
 It shall as level to your judgement pierce
 As day does to your eye.

A noise within: "Let her come in!"

Re-enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?
 O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! 155
 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight
 Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160
 Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings.*]

"They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
 Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; 165
 And on his grave rains many a tear," —

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
 It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, and you call 170
him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes
it! It is the false steward, that stole his mas-
ter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; 175
pray, love, remember; and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; 180
there's rue for you, and here's some for me;
we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O,
you must wear your rue with a difference.
There's a daisy. I would give you some vio-
lets, but they wither'd all when my father 185
died. They say he made a good end, —

[*Sings.*] "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings.*]

"And will he not come again? 190
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed;
He never will come again.

“His beard as white as snow, 195
 All flaxen was his poll.
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan.
 God ha’ mercy on his soul !”

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God buy
 ye. *Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, you gods ? 201

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall hear and judge ’twixt you and me.
 If by direct or by collateral hand 206
 They find us touch’d, we will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
 To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.
 His means of death, his obscure burial —
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o’er his bones,
 No noble rite nor formal ostentation — 215
 Cry to be heard, as ’twere from heaven to earth,
 That I must call’t in question.

King. So you shall ;
 And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
 I pray you, go with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

[Another room in the castle.]

Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Att. Sailors, sir. They say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Attendant.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. 5

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let Him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, an't please Him. There's a letter for you, sir — it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England — if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. 10

[*Hor.*] (*Reads.*) "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew 15 20

what they did : I am to do a good turn for them.
 Let the King have the letters I have sent, and re-
 pair thou to me with as much haste as thou
 wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in 25
 your ear will make thee dumb, yet are they
 much too light for the bore of the matter. These
 good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-
 crantz and Guildenstern hold their course for
 England ; of them I have much to tell thee.
 Farewell. 30

“He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.”

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;
 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
 To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

[Another room in the castle.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal ;
 And you must put me in your heart for friend,
 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 That he which hath your noble father slain
 Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me
 Why you proceeded not against these feats, 6

That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more.

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine — 35

Enter a Messenger with letters.

How now! What news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not. 39
They were given me by Claudio. He receiv'd them
[Of him that brought them].

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. *Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, You shall know
I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when 45
I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,
recount the occasions of my sudden and more
strange return.

HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
back? 50

Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked!"
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come. 55
It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus didest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes, —
As how should it be so? How otherwise? —
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. [Ay, my lord,] 60
If so you'll not o'errule me to a peace:

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device, 65
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

[*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so 70
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine. Your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him 75

As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears 80
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.] Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy ; —
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback ; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't. He grew unto his seat, 86
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he pass'd my
thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation. 95

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,

And for your rapier most especially,
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed 100
 If one could match you. [The scrimers of their
 nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd them.] Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg 105
 Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
 Now, out of this —

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 110

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
 But that I know love is begun by time,
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 [There lives within the very flame of love 115
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
 Dies in his own too much. That we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this "would"
 changes, 120

And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
ulcer : —]

Hamlet comes back. What would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed 126
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laer-
tes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber ?
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home. 131
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine to-
gether

And wager on your heads. He, being remiss, 135
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't ; 140

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue 145

Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail, 151
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see. 155
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings, —
I ha't!

When in your motion you are hot and dry —
As make your bouts more violent to that end —
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping, 161
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where? 166

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did she come

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name, 171
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies and herself 175
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
 And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up ;
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued 180
 Unto that element. But long it could not be
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. 185

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
 It is our trick. Nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone,
 The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord ; 190
 I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly douts it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage !
 Now fear I this will give it start again, 194
 Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[A churchyard.]

Enter two Clowns [with spades and pickaxes].

1. *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
2. *Clo.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial. 5
1. *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?
2. *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.
1. *Clo.* It must be "*se offendendo*," it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd herself wittingly. 10
2. *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver, — 15
1. *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that? But if

the water come to him and drown him, he 20
drowns not himself; argal, he that is not
guilty of his own death shortens not his own
life.

2. *Clo.* But is this law?

1. *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law. 25

2. *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out o' Christian burial.

1. *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more
pity that great folk should have countenance 30
in this world to drown or hang themselves,
more than their even Christian. Come, my
spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but
gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they
hold up Adam's profession. 35

2. *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1. *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2. *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1. *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou 40
understand the Scripture? The Scripture says
Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms?
I'll put another question to thee. If thou an-
swerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2. *Clo.* Go to. 45

1. *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the car-
penter?

2. *Clo.* The gallows-maker ; for that frame out-
lives a thousand tenants. 50

1. *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith. The
gallows does well ; but how does it well ? It
does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost
ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the
church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. 55
To't again, come.

2. *Clo.* "Who builds stronger than a mason, a
shipwright, or a carpenter ?"

1. *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2. *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell. 60

1. *Clo.* To't.

2. *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

1. *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for
your dull ass will not mend his pace with beat-
ing ; and, when you are ask'd this question 65
next, say "a grave-maker" ; the houses that
he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee
to Yaughan ; fetch me a stoup of liquor. 68

[Exit 2. Clown.]

[He digs, and] sings.

"In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet, 70
To contract, O, the time for-a my behave,
O, methought, there was nothing meet."

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business,
that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness. 75

Ham. 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1. *Clo.* (*Sings.*)

“But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.”

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not? 85

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, “Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?” This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not? 90

Hor. Ay, my lord. 95

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard

with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution,
 if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones
 cost no more the breeding, but to play at log- 100
 gats with 'em? Mine ache to think on't.

1. Clo. (*Sings.*)

“A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade
 For and a shrouding sheet;
 O, a pit of clay for to be made
 For such a guest is meet.” 105

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another. Why might not that be
 the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits
 now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and
 his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude
 knave now to knock him about the sconce with 110
 a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his
 action of battery? Hum! This fellow might
 be in's time a great buyer of land, with his
 statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double
 vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his
 fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have 115
 his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouch-
 ers vouch him no more of his purchases, and
 double ones too, than the length and breadth
 of a pair of indentures? The very convey-
 ances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and 120
 must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out
assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. 125

Whose grave's this, sir?

1. *Clo.* Mine, sir.

[*Sings.*] "O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet." 130

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest
in't.

1. *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is
not yours. For my part, I do not lie in't,
and yet it is mine. 135

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say 'tis
thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick,
therefore thou liest.

1. *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again,
from me to you. 140

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1. *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1. *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't? 145

1. *Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her
soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years 150 I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heels of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1. *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't 155 that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1. *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young 160 Hamlet was born; he that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1. *Clo.* Why, because 'a was mad. He shall re- 165 cover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1. *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

Ham. How came he mad?

1. *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How "strangely"?

1. *Clo.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1. *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1. *Clo.* I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die 180
— as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in — he will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another? 185

1. *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and 190
twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1. *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not. 195

1. *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Ham. This? 200

1. *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of

infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so. 220

Ham. And smelt so? Pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood

to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel? 235
 Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
 O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
 But soft! but soft! Aside! Here comes the
 King, 240

Enter [Priests, etc., in procession;] King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
 The corse they follow did with desperate hand
 For do it own life. 'Twas of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. 245

[Retiring with Horatio.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
 As we have warrantise. Her death was doubtful, 250
 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayer,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites, 255
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done.
 We should profane the service of the dead
 To sing such requiem and such rest to her 260
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth,
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet ; farewell ! 266
 [*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of ! Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

Leaps in the grave.
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made 275
 To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 280
 Hamlet, the Dane! [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
 [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
 I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat,
 For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
 Yet have I something in me dangerous, 285
 Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

[*All.* Gentlemen, —

Hor.] Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of
 the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 290

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear 41
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
 And many such-like *as-es* of great charge,
 That, on the view and know of these contents,
 Without debatement further, more or less, 45
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant.
 I had my father's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal; 50
 Folded the writ up in form of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gave't the impression, plac'd it safely,
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already. 55

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employ-
 ment;
 They are not near my conscience. Their defeat
 Doth by their own insinuation grow.
 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 60
 Between the pass and fell incensed points
 Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon —
 He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my
 mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes, 65
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage — is't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil? 70

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say "One."
But I am very sorry, good Horatio, 75
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his favours.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me 79
Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter young Osric.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to Den-
mark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — Dost know this
water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord. 85

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a
vice to know him. He hath much land, and

fertile ; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the King's mess. 'Tis a
chough, but, as I say, spacious in the posses- 90
sion of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit.
Put your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the 95
head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed. 100

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my
complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry, — as
'twere, — I cannot tell how. But, my lord,
his Majesty bade me signify to you that he 105
has laid a great wager on your head. Sir,
this is the matter, —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in good
faith. [Sir, here is newly come to court 110
Laertes, believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft
society and great showing ; indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of

gentry, for you shall find in him the continent 115
of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in
you ; though, I know, to divide him inven-
torially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory,
and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick 120
sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take
him to be a soul of great article ; and his in-
fusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make
true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror ;
and who else would trace him, his umbrage, 125
nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? Why do we wrap the
gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir ? 130

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another
tongue ? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentle-
man ?

Osr. Of Laertes ? 135

Hor. His purse is empty already. All's golden
words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant —

Ham. I would you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if you 140
did, it would not much approve me. Well,
sir ?]

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is —

[*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself. 145

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.] 150

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The King, sir, has wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, or so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit. 155
160

Ham. What call you the carriages?

[*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "impon'd," as you call it? 165
170

Osr. The King, sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer. 175

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. 185

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osrice.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn. 190

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection. 195

which carries them through and through the 200
most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but
blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

[*Enter a Lord.*]

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you
by young Osric, who brings back to him, that
you attend him in the hall. He sends to know 205
if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or
that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes ; they follow
the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks,
mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I 210
be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming
down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle en- 215
tertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.] [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so ; since he went into
France, I have been in continual practice. I 220
shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not
think how ill all's here about my heart. But
it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord, —

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of 225
gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I
will forestall their repair hither, and say you
are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit ; we defy augury. There's a 230
special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If
it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to
come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it
will come ; the readiness is all. Since no man
has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave 235
betimes ? [Let be.]

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, [Osric,] Lords, and other
Attendants with foils and gauntlets ; a table and
flagons of wine on it.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from
me.

[*The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir. I've done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done 241
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never Hamlet !

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Ham-
let, 270

You know the wager ?

Ham. Very well, my lord.

Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both ;

But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another. 275

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a
length ? *They prepare to play.*

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the
cups, 285

And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

"Now the King drinks to Hamlet." Come, begin ;

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

They play.

Ham.

One.

Laer.

No.

Ham.

Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer.

Well ; again.

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;
Here's thy health ! Give him the cup.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off [within].

Ham. I'll play this bout first ; set it by a while. 295

Come. [*They play.*] Another hit ; what say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen.

He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. 300

Ham. Good madam !

King.

Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face. 305

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King.

I do not think't.

Laer. [*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes ; you but dally.

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

Laer. Say you so? Come on. *They play.*

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

*[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then,] in scuffling,
they change rapiers.*

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again.

[Hamlet wounds Laertes. The Queen falls.]

Osr. Look to the Queen there! Ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord!

Osr. How is't, Laertes? 316

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, — O my dear
Hamlet, — 320

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. *[Dies.]*

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! Seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.

No medicine in the world can do thee good; 325
In thee there is not half an hour of life.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd. 330
I can no more: — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. *Hurts the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt. 335

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned

Dane,

Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?

Follow my mother! *King dies.*

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison temp'red by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet. 340

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! *Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act, 346

Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest — O, I could tell you —

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st. Report me and my cause aright 350

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,

Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll have't!

O good Horatio, what a wounded name, *Google* 355

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me !

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story. *March afar off, and shot within.*

What warlike noise is this ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland, 361

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England, 365
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice.
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited — The rest is silence. *Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet
prince, 370
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*]

*Enter Fortinbras and the English Ambassador, with
drum, colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death, 375
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
 That thou so many princes at a shot
 So bloodily hast struck ?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
 And our affairs from England come too late.
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, 381
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
 Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you.
 He never gave commandment for their death. 385
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view ; 389
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about. So shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook 395
 Fallen on the inventors' heads : all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune. 399

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more.

But let this same be presently perform'd
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-
chance, 405

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally ; and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*Exeunt marching, [bearing off the dead bodies ;]
after which a peal of ordnance are shot
off.*

Notes

Act First. Scene i. Acts and scenes are not indicated in the quartos, and in the folios are given as far as II. ii only. In this edition passages or words within square brackets are not in the folios. The list of *Dramatis Personæ* was first given by Rowe.

I. i. s. d. **Elsinore.** A Danish seaport, on the island of Seeland. The scene is the castle of Kronberg, a little to the east of the town. Of course, Jutland, not Seeland, was the country of the historical Hamlet.

I. i. 1. Instead of the soldier on duty the newly arrived Bernardo challenges. This seems to indicate some perturbation.

I. i. 3. **Long live the King.** The watch-word.

I. i. 15. **the Dane.** The king of Denmark.

I. i. 21. *Hor.* **What, has, etc.** Q₁ and Ff give this speech to Marcellus. It seems better suited to Horatio who does not believe as yet in the Ghost, than to Marcellus who has seen it twice.

I. i. 45. **spoke to.** Belief ran that a ghost could not speak unless spoken to.

I. i. 46. **usurp'st.** Takest possession of wrongfully.

I. i. 63. **sledded.** Using sleds, or sledges.

I. i. 67, 68. **In what . . . opinion.** Just what to think I know not, but, broadly speaking, my opinion is.

I. i. 71, 72. **why . . . land.** Why the subjects of this land nightly weary themselves thus with this strict watch.

I. i. 96. **unimproved.** Variouslly interpreted as "un-

regulated by experience," " untried," " not yet turned to account."

I. i. 108-125. These lines, not in Q₁ or Ff, are not needed for the action. They seem to have been suggested to Shakespeare by Lucan's *Pharsalia*, lib. 1.

I. i. 116, 117. **As stars.** Perhaps a line after *streets* has dropped out. " Tremendous prodigies in heav'n appeared " has been suggested.

I. i. 118. **moist star.** The moon, as causing the tides.

I. i. 127. **cross it.** " Whoever crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen became subject to its malignant influence." (Blakeway.)

I. i. 130-138. Horatio here shows the scholarly knowledge of the causes of ghosts' walking attributed to him in l. 42, above.

I. i. 131. **do ease.** "A ghost can be not infrequently laid, especially when a living person accomplishes that for him which he, when alive, should have himself accomplished." (Simrock.)

I. i. 136-137. **uphoarded . . . death.** The italicized words following explain this. " If any of them had bound the spirit of gold by any charms in caves, or in iron fetters under the ground, *they should for their own soules quiet (which questionlesse else would whine up and down)*, if not for the good of their children release it." Dekker, *Knight's Conjuring*.

I. i. 153. **Whether in.** Each element was supposed to be inhabited by its special spirits.

I. ii. 45. **lose your voice.** Waste your breath.

I. ii. 65. **more than kin.** Both nephew and stepson. — **Less than kind.** Not of the same nature.

I. ii. 67. too much in the sun. That is, too much in the brightness and festivity of the wedding and coronation — when his mind is full of the murder of his father. There is also a pun on *sun* and *son*.

I. ii. 69. Denmark. The king.

I. ii. 79. windy . . . breath. Heavy sighing.

I. ii. 104. who. Often used for *which*.

I. ii. 113. Wittenberg. This university was not founded till 1502.

I. ii. 150. discourse of reason. Power of reasoning.

I. ii. 155. left the flushing. Left off making her eyes red and sore with weeping.

I. ii. 216. it head. *It* is in the Folio a common form of the neuter possessive. *Its* was not yet in general use.

I. iii. 57. stay'd for. There. Qq and Ff read *stay'd for there*. Theobald made the change; but *there*, with a gesture, would mean the port.

I. iii. 58. precepts. Rushton, in *Shakespeare's Euphuism* shows that Polonius is indebted to the *Euphuus* of Lyly, or is merely using very common proverbs of the day.

I. iii. 62. and . . . tried. And whose adoption as friends you have tried.

I. iii. 74. are . . . that. Qq₂₋₃ read *Or of a most select and generous chief* in that. Q₄ changes *On* to *Are*. Q₁ reads:

“ And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that.”

This suggests by its duplication in *of* and *chief* that Shakespeare wrote in the margin or interlined *of* for *in* and *chief* for *best* in l. 73, but a transcriber put them into line 74, causing the repetition. Later the correction was

made in l. 73, but the needed cutting in l. 74 was overlooked. (Grant White.)

I. iii. 109. tender me a fool. Come back to me disgraced. See Glossary, *tender*.

I. iii. 115. woodcocks. Supposed to have no brains; commonly used for *simpletons* and *fools*.

I. iii. 118, 119. extinct . . . a-making. Losing light and heat even as the promise is made.

I. iii. 127-129. brokers . . . suits. Procurers, panders, not what their dress suggests, but implorers of unholy suits.

I. iii. 133. slander . . . leisure. Misuse any leisure moment.

I. iv. 11. kettle-drum. Douce quotes:

"Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums
As Danes carouse by kettledrums."

Cleiveland's *Foscara*.

I. iv. 12. triumph of his pledge. His triumphant drinking.

I. iv. 19-20. swinish . . . addition. Calling us swine, they soil our title, reputation.

I. iv. 21. at height. To the utmost.

I. iv. 22. pith . . . attribute. "Best part of our reputation." (Rolfe.)

I. iv. 27-30. By the over-development of some inborn characteristic, which often breaks down the defences of reason, or through some habit that too much modifies their gracious manners.

I. iv. 30. that. It chances that; see ll. 23-34.

I. iv. 32. nature's livery, or fortune's star. Put on them

by nature, or a result of the planet under the influence of which they are born.

I. iv. 33. his. Probably inadvertently written for *their*.

I. iv. 36-37. dram of eale, etc. Not in Q₁ or Ff. Q₂ Q₃: *dram of eale . . . of a doubt*. No completely satisfactory interpretation of this corrupt passage has been suggested. The simplest is that *evil* being often with Shakespeare and Elizabethans a monosyllable, might easily sound like *eal* when spoken rapidly. "The slightest part of evil often overwhelms the noble sustance to its own scandal."

I. iv. 40. spirit of health. Good, saved spirit.

I. iv. 45. King, father; royal Dane. "Edwin Booth has informed me that his father always spoke the line thus and that he himself has so spoken it." (Furness.) Qq place comma before and after *royall Dane*, Ff a comma before and a colon after.

I. iv. 54. fools of nature. Whom nature makes fools.

I. iv. 55. shake our disposition. Perturb us.

I. iv. 73. deprive . . . reason. Take away the control reason should exercise.

I. iv. 83. Nemean lion's. The first of the ten labors of Hercules was to conquer this lion.

I. v. 21. eternal blazon. This revelation of mysteries of the eternal world.

I. v. 77. Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd. Without having received the sacrament; unappointed, unprepared (by confession); without extreme unction.

I. v. 80. O, horrible . . . horrible. Given by Garrick and by many editors to Hamlet.

I. v. 90. uneffectual. Ineffective, because of the stronger light of day.

I. v. 97. **distracted globe.** His head.

I. v. 115. **Illo, ho, ho.** A falconer's cry to his hawk. This accounts for the *Come, bird, come.*

I. v. 123, 124. At the end of l. 123, where one might expect "the equal of the king," Hamlet, merely playing with the curiosity of his friends, or again suspicious, as in ll. 121, 122, breaks off in seeming flippancy.

I. v. 147. **sword.** The handle was in the form of a cross. The hilt sometimes had a cross cut on it or the name "Jesus."

I. v. 156. *Hic et ubique.* Here and everywhere.

I. v. 165. **as a stranger.** Without asking questions.

I. v. 167. **our.** Qq read *your.* In either case the meaning is impersonal, "this human philosophy of ours."

I. v. 174. **encumb' red thus.** Usually interpreted as "so folded that the speaker seems hugging a secret to him." Irving, however, took an arm of Marcellus and Horatio as if about to gossip confidentially.

II. i. 10. **By this indirect questioning.**

II. i. 11-12. **come . . . it.** You will come closer to what you want than any particular question will imply.

II. i. 35. **of general assault.** Common to all men.

II. i. 38. **fetch of warrant.** Justifiable trick, device.

II. i. 45. **He agrees with you as follows.**

II. i. 64. **of reach.** Far-seeing.

II. i. 65, 66. **By winding out of them what we wish to know and going indirectly to the point.—assays of bias.** From the game of bowls, in which the ball is sent in a curved, not a direct line.

II. i. 71. **in yourself.** For yourself, not only by spies.

II. i. 73. **ply his music.** Follow his bent.

- II. i. 115. **cast beyond.** Overreach.
- II. i. 119. **more . . . love.** Might cause more grief if we hide it than it can create hate if we tell it.
- II. ii. 2. **moreover that.** In addition to the fact that.
- II. ii. 17. **Whether.** A monosyllable.
- II. ii. 45. **Both to.** Subject both to.
- II. ii. 61. **Upon our first.** At our first request, or, possibly, upon our first audience.
- II. ii. 64. **truly.** Modifies *was*.
- II. ii. 67. **borne in hand.** Deceived.
- II. ii. 79. **On such conditions as to the safety of the country, as may be attached to the permission.**
- II. ii. 81. **our more consider'd.** When we have more time for consideration.
- II. ii. 110. **beautified.** In a sense of the time, "gifted with beauty," not in the modern sense, understood by Polonius, "beautified artificially."
- II. ii. 124. **machine is to him.** Body is his.
- II. ii. 126. **more above.** In addition, moreover.
- II. ii. 136. **If I had shut it up within myself.**
- II. ii. 141. **out of thy star.** Beyond thy fortune, destiny.
- II. ii. 156. **this from this.** My head from my shoulders (pointing).
- II. ii. 159. **the centre.** *I.e.*, of the earth. — **it.** *I.e.*, the truth of this story.
- II. ii. 160. **four hours.** A common expression for a long time.
- II. ii. 162. **loose my daughter to him.** Both release her from her promise not to see Hamlet and set her upon him.
- II. ii. 174. **fishmonger.** Hamlet is playing with Polo-

nus. He uses the word figuratively, for pander. When Polonius, as always, takes him literally, Hamlet's answer is: "I would you were, not the would-be crafty old man you are, but as honest as the man who merely sells his fish."

II. ii. 182. a good kissing carrion. Carrion good for kissing, by the sun, if maggots are to be bred. Hamlet emended *good* to *god*.

II. ii. 185. Conception, etc. Hamlet plays on *conception* as "understanding" and "to become pregnant."

II. ii. 201. plum-tree gum. All through this speech the audience should see that Hamlet is exaggeratedly describing Polonius to himself. As he goes toward Polonius in the pretended wrath of *satirical slave*, but really watching him closely, Polonius backs away. Hence the last lines of the speech.

II. ii. 269-271. Then . . . shadows. "If ambition, represented by a king, is a shadow, the antitype of ambition, represented by the beggar, must be the opposite of the shadow, the substance." (Bucknell.)

II. ii. 282. dear a halfpenny. Dear at a halfpenny.

II. ii. 305. prevent your discovery. Forestall your revealing the truth to me.

II. ii. 329. lenten. Sparse. Perhaps with reference to a writ of 1600 forbidding performances in Lent.

II. ii. 337, 338. lungs . . . sere. Lungs are ticklish, sensitive. The *sere* (*sear*) was the balance lever between the trigger of a gun on the one side and the tumbler and other mechanism on the other. Obviously if the *sere* were ticklishly adjusted, the weapon might go off at the slightest touch.

II. ii. 338. lady . . . for't. A suggestion that the boy-players "gagged" the lines frequently, thus spoiling the verse.

II. ii. 343, 344. Their residence. Their remaining in the city.

II. ii. 346, 347. inhibition . . . innovation. Q₁ explains this. In Q₂ and Ff, we have in these lines a re-phrasing of

Ham: How comes it that they travell. Do they grow restive?

Gil: No, my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham: How then?

Gil: Yfaith my Lord noveltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that

Come to them, are turned to private plays,

And the humor of children.

The company is "inhibited," then, by the "innovation" that the two children's companies, *circa* 1600, had come into direct competition with the mature actors. Heretofore the children had acted in plays of special types and not in such direct competition.

II. ii. 355, 356. top of question. Perhaps challenge all comers; possibly "declaim shrilly," but probably "rail violently." T. Heywood, *Apology for Actors*, 1612, speaks of the child-actors who "suppose their juniority to be privilege for any rayling, be it never so violent." See ll. 370-373 of this scene.

II. ii. 362, 363. pursue . . . sing. Will they remain actors only till their voices break? The Boys of St. Paul's and of the Chapel Royal, the chief children's companies of the sixteenth century, were primarily choristers.

II. ii. 366. means . . . better. Hamlet is quibbling on *common* for *strolling* players, and *common* for *ordinary*. If

their capacity, skill, is no better than it seems, they will become but common enough players.

II. ii. 366-368. their . . . succession. Will they not say their authors wrong them in making them satirize the kind of men they must become, the kind of work in which as men they must appear? This refers in particular to the plays involved in the *War of the Theatres*, and in general to the satirical nature of speeches in plays of these child actors. In *Eastward Ho* of Chapman, Marston, and Jonson, given in 1604 by the Children of the Revels, some fun is made of *Hamlet*. See *War of the Theatres*, by J. Penniman, and *The Stage Quarrel between B. Jonson and the so-called Poetasters*, by R. A. Small.

II. ii. 371-373. no . . . question. No money was offered for a plot scenario unless, in the dialogue, author and player wrangled.

II. ii. 377. carry it away. Carry it off, win out.

II. ii. 378, 379. Hercules . . . too. Reference to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe. The boys won out even against Shakespeare's own company.

II. ii. 384. in little. In miniature.

II. ii. 388-391. appurtenance . . . players. The proper accompaniment of welcome is form and ceremony. Let me include you in the proper forms, lest my behavior to the players which, I tell you, must show well to him who only sees the surface, should appear more like entertainment than yours.

II. ii. 396. I am . . . handsaw. *Handsaw* is perhaps a corruption of *hernsew*, or *heronshaw*, a heron. The bird flying with the southerly wind goes away, northward,

from the sun, hence with nothing to blind the eyes. The observer can tell a hawk from a heron.

II. ii. 410. *Roscius*. Quintus Roscius, most famous of Roman actors. Died *circa* 61 B.C.

II. ii. 412. *Buzz, buzz*. "It was an interjection used at Oxford when one began a story that was generally known before." (Blackstone, quoted in *Variorum*.)

II. ii. 414. *on his ass*. The line is perhaps from an old ballad. Hamlet opposes *on his ass* to *upon mine honour*.

II. ii. 418, 419. *scene individable, or poem unlimited*. Preserving the unities of time, place, and action as in classic theory, or wholly disregarding these.

II. ii. 420, 421. *law of writ and the liberty*. That is, plays of "scene individable, or poem unlimited," or obligation to stick to the text, and freedom to improvise.

II. ii. 422. *O Jephthah, judge of Israel*. The old ballad registered in 1567 and 1568, began :

I read that many yeare agoe,
When Jepha Judge of Israel,
Had one fair Daughter and no more,
Whom he loved so passing well.

And as by lot God wot.
It came to passe most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.

II. ii. 437. *pious chanson*. So second and later quartos. F₁ *Pons Chanson*, sometimes explained as *chansons du Pont Neuf*, popular songs, trivial ballads. But, though *Pons* gives chance for punning on it and *abridgments*, Q₁ suggests that it is a misprint of a change

of phrasing made in the copy for Q₂. Q₁ reads: *the first verse of the godly ballet.*

II. ii. 439. *abridgments*. Probably a play on words: not only do the players abridge his talk, but as "abstracts and brief chronicles of the times" they are *abridgments* themselves. The word also meant entertainments.

II. ii. 448. *uncurrent . . . ring*. "There was a ring on the coin within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency." (Douce.) Again Shakespeare is emphasizing the difficulties in the way of the boy-player when his voice changes.

II. ii. 450. The French falconers "did not regard the rigour of the game, but condescended to any quarry that came their way." *Diary of Master William Silence, Madden.*

II. ii. 459. *cried in the top*. Overtopped, surpassed. When the voice of one dog was superior to the rest of the *cry*, that is the pack chosen for the musical sound of its voice in chorus, he was said to "cry in the top" of the rest.

II. ii. 463. *sallets in the lines*. Striking, quotable, or ribald lines or phrases, something to pique the appetite for more.

II. ii. 465 ff. *as . . . fine*. "*Handsome* denotes natural beauty, *fine*, artificial." (Delius.)

II. ii. 467, 468. *Æneas' tale*. *Æneid*, ii, 544 ff. It is possible that in ll. 472-520 Shakespeare is burlesquing Act II, sc. i, of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nash.

II. ii. 472. *Hyrceanian beast*. The tiger, according to Pliny's *Natural History*, bred in Hircania, on the shores of the Caspian Sea.

II. ii. 476. **ominous horse.** The hollow wooden horse filled with Greek soldiers which the Trojans drew within their walls, thus causing the fall of the city. It was well known to Shakespeare's audience through its use as a practicable property in Thomas Heywood's *Iron Age*.

II. ii. 502. **as . . . tyrant.** As on some painted cloth or in some picture where the action remains ever incomplete.

II. ii. 503. **neutral . . . matter.** Inactive between his will and that on which his will might be worked.

II. ii. 512. **for proof eterne.** To stand the proof eternally.

II. ii. 525. **mobled.** Both muffled and mob-led (see *magna comitante caterva*, *Æneid*, II, 40) have been suggested for this.

II. ii. 529. **bisson rheum.** Blinding tears.

II. ii. 541. **Created sympathy in the gods.**

II. ii. 566-568. **speech . . . insert in't.** Hamlet really does nothing of the sort. Shakespeare did not patch up an old play on *The Murder of Gonzago*: he wrote the whole "play within the play." Yet reams have been wasted in fighting over which "dozen or sixteen lines" Hamlet added!

II. ii. 576. **peasant slave.** A slave going with the soil to the lord of the land. Such were still known in Shakespeare's day.

II. ii. 590. **the free.** *I.e.*, from guilt.

II. ii. 605. **pigeon-liver'd . . . gall.** Pigeons were supposed to owe their gentleness to absence of gall.

II. ii. 617. **About, my brain! To work, brain!**

II. ii. 618-621. **I have . . . malefactions.** Referred to also in *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1579, and in Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

III. i. 1. drift of circumstance. Roundabout way.

III. i. 12. forcing . . . disposition. Most unwillingly.

III. i. 13. Niggard of question. Reluctant to enter into discussion.

III. i. 56-88. In Q₁ this soliloquy stands at what is now the beginning of Act II. There are some suggestions of this speech in the *Comforte* (1576) of Cardanus, which Shakespeare may have known.

III. i. 58. slings. Not so much the slings themselves, as what is slung.

III. i. 69. time. The world, or the times. Though attempts have been made to fit the next lines closely to Hamlet's case, it is rather Shakespeare himself who is speaking in ll. 70-82. Cf. *Sonnet* 66.

III. i. 85. pale cast of thought. The pallor of the anxious.

III. i. 87. With this regard. Thought of the "something after death," l. 78.

III. i. 88. lose . . . action. Never attain to action. — Soft you now! Said to himself, "Gently, now," "hush."

III. i. 103. There, my lord. At this point, by different business, the great actors have made Hamlet first aware that eavesdropping is going on and that Ophelia is probably a lure. Hence the following play on words in *honest*.

III. i. 103-110. honest. Used by Hamlet for *chaste*, *virtuous*, but understood by Ophelia as *truth-speaking*.

III. i. 133. Where's your father? Here, Hamlet, more and more disturbed, puts the direct question, and Ophelia lies. Hence, the second sharp change in his mood, this time to the wild and whirling words, ll. 148-156, in which he arraigns, not so much Ophelia, as all women.

- III. i. 150. **you jig.** Walk with jiggling steps.
- III. i. 152. **your . . . ignorance.** Pretend you are wanton only through ignorance.
- III. i. 155. **all but one.** The king.
- III. i. 160. **rose . . . state.** *Fair* because Hamlet is its rose.
- III. i. 161. **mould of form.** Model in form.
- III. i. 167. **blown youth.** Youth in its full bloom.
- III. i. 193. **find him not.** Find not his secret.
- III. ii. 11. **groundlings.** "Pittites." The Elizabethan and Jacobean pit had no benches or stools. It was often called the *ground*.
- III. ii. 15. **Termagant . . . Herod.** The first was a boastful, quarrelsome God of the Paynim, mentioned in Moralities and older plays. Herod raged his way through many of the Miracle Plays.
- III. ii. 22. **from.** Contrary to.
- III. ii. 28. **come tardy off.** Done lamely.
- III. ii. 60. **cop'd withal.** Encountered, met with.
- III. ii. 66. **pregnant.** Because "untold thrift is born from a cunning use of the knee." (Furness.)
- III. ii. 74. **blood and judgement.** Passions and reason.
- III. ii. 84. **comment of thy soul.** With every sense alert.
- III. ii. 86. **in one speech.** See ll. 266-271.
- III. ii. 87. **damned ghost.** "Ghost of some one damned for his wickedness, which has deceived us." (Douce.)
- III. ii. 95. **idle.** Perhaps, *foolish, mad*, but more probably "unconcerned with what is about to happen." Irving so interpreted it.
- III. ii. 97. **fares.** Hamlet wilfully misunderstands

and answers that his is the chameleon's *fare*, *i.e.*, air. Whereupon the king protests: "I have nothing to do with this answer: you twist my words."

III. ii. 103. *nor mine now*. Because he has spoken and not kept them to himself.

III. ii. 112, 113. *stay . . . patience*. Await your permission to begin.

III. ii. 123. *country matters*. Improprieties.

III. ii. 132. *jig-maker*. Ballad writer.

III. ii. 143. *hobby-horse*. Used in the morris dances. The whole phrase was a proverbial expression lamenting the good old times.

III. ii. 175. *distrust you*. Are distrustful about you.

III. ii. 177, 178. *holds . . . extremity*. Are proportionate, either too excessive or nothing.

III. ii. 192, 193. *instances . . . thrift*. The motive inducing second marriage is base regard for thrift.

III. ii. 198. *Purpose . . . memory*. Purpose lasts only as long as memory of the plan holds.

III. ii. 203. *what to ourselves is debt*. What we owe through having resolved to do.

III. ii. 209. *on slender accident*. For slight cause.

III. ii. 216. *hitherto*. Thus far.

III. ii. 229. *anchor's cheer*. Anchorite's, or hermit's, fare. But Dowden quotes from Hall's *Satires*, IV, ii, 103, "Sit seaven yeares pining in an anchores cheyre," favoring the explanation, chair.

III. ii. 247. *Tropically*. By a trope, figuratively.

III. ii. 253. *let . . . wince*. A proverbial saying. — our . . . unwrung. We are not galled.

III. ii. 255. *chorus*. That is, he does what Time does

in *The Winter's Tale* or the Chorus before the acts of *Henry V*, forecasts, explains, connects, the action.

III. ii. 256. interpret. At puppet shows a person standing near interpreted the pantomime of the dolls.

III. ii. 262. mistake. So, for better for worse, by the marriage service, you take amiss, mistakenly, your husbands. Q₁ reads *must take*.

III. ii. 264-265. the croaking . . . revenge. Shakespeare seems to have rolled together for burlesquing two lines of the old play, *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*, which he had used in writing *Henry VI, Pt. III*:

The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge.

Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge.

III. ii. 268. midnight weeds. Plants dug at midnight, which were supposed to be more potent in their poison. Cf. V. vii. 146.

III. ii. 269. Hecate's ban. "The moon goddess distilled their powerful properties from herbs, for healing or poisoning. This was done by a threefold rite, or *ban*, of infecting and blasting." (Clarke and Porter.)

III. ii. 273. extant. Not known in its details, but Luigi Gonzago murdered the Duke of Urbino in 1538 by pouring into his ears a poisoned lotion. The Gonzagos were prominent in Mantua.

III. ii. 282-285. Why . . . away. Probably from some ballad, like that on Jephthah, II. ii. 422.

III. ii. 287. fortunes turn Turk. Double meaning. Shakespeare is thinking of the phrase *turn Turk* for "go completely to the bad," and also of the representations as in *Tamburlaine* of Turks with feather-crowned helmets.

III. ii. 288. **Provincial roses.** Provence or damask roses, used as rosettes on *rus'd* or slashed leather shoes.

III. ii. 290. **Half a share.** The receipts of a theatre were divided into shares, the proprietors of it taking some and each player a whole or part share according to his position in the company.

III. ii. 305. **belike . . . perdy.** At *belike*, Hamlet seeing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern entering, gives up his comparison and ends it lamely.

III. ii. 312. **distemper'd.** Used both for mental and bodily ailments, but Hamlet wilfully understands only the latter meaning.

III. ii. 320, 321. Put your speech into some order, and make it more to the point.

III. ii. 349. **pickers and stealers.** Hands; from the Catechism: "Keep my hands from picking and stealing."

III. ii. 361. **recover the wind.** From hunting: to keep to windward of an animal so that it will not scent the hunter.

III. ii. 364. **unmannerly.** Guildenstern, piqued and puzzled by Hamlet's manner, dropped out of the talk at l. 337, Rosencrantz coming to his rescue. Now disgustedly Guildenstern says: "If doing my duty (in bringing the message of the Queen) I was too bold, now what I have done in love to you proves unmannerly."

III. ii. 389. **fret.** A play on *fret*, to annoy, and to spoil music by stopping unskilfully the wind in the ventages of a flute.

III. ii. 412. **Nero put his mother, Agrippina, to death.**

III. ii. 417. **give them seals.** "Execute them," as deeds are executed by putting seals on them.

III. iii. 30. as you said. Really the idea of Polonius himself.

III. iii. 32. them. Mothers.

III. iii. 33. of vantage. Placed advantageously.

III. iii. 37. primal eldest curse. The curse placed on Cain, *Genesis*, iv. 11.

III. iii. 39. Though inclination . . . will. Though this is no reluctant resolve.

III. iii. 49. forestalled ere. "Lead us not into temptation."

III. iii. 57. currents. Walker, supported by Furness, suggests 'currents' = occurrents.

III. iii. 59, 60. wicked . . . law. The prize, wickedly won, makes it possible to buy up the law.

III. iii. 75. would. Should.

III. iii. 80. full of bread. "Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness. *Ezekiel*, xvi. 49.

III. iii. 81. broad blown. Full-blown. See I. v. 76. The Ghost's "blossoms of my sins."

III. iii. 83. circumstance . . . thought. Both in the details of which we think and the whole process of our thinking.

III. iii. 88. hent. Carefully chosen word to suggest the tearing of the sword through the flesh as the plough-share rips open the soil. (See Davies, *Notes and Queries*, Mar. 11, 1876.) The commoner interpretation is "grip."

III. iii. 96. This physic. This prevention of death, this respite.

III. iv. 38. proof . . . sense. Adjectives: as we should say "proofed and bulwarked against feeling."

III. iv. 46, 47. **body . . . words.** Plucks the very soul from the marriage contract.

III. iv. 49. **solidity . . . mass.** The earth.

III. iv. 50. **as . . . doom.** As if doomsday were nigh.

III. iv. 51. **thought-sick.** Cf. III. i. 85.

III. iv. 53. **this picture . . . this.** Probably in Shakespeare's time shown in two tapestries in the Queen's closet. Irving and Salvini treated them as only imaginary. Restoration and many recent actors used miniatures.

III. iv. 56. **Hyperion's curls.** See I. ii. 140.

III. iv. 74-75. **sense . . . choice.** Feeling was never so enthralled by madness that it did not reserve some measure of choice.

III. iv. 83. **thou.** Shame.

III. iv. 98. **vice of kings.** Fool, clown of a king (from the Vice of the Moralities).

III. iv. 128-129. **convert . . . effects.** Turn me from the stern actions I must do.

III. iv. 135. **in . . . lived.** Not in armor as in first act. Q₁ before l. 102, reads *Enter Ghost in his night gowne, i.e., dressing-gown.*

III. iv. 144. **gambol from.** Depart widely from in repeating.

III. iv. 152-155. **Forgive . . . good.** Perhaps an aside to his virtue, but usually treated as addressed to the Queen.

III. iv. 155. **curb.** Bend, truckle. Fr. *courber*.

III. iv. 160. **Assume . . . not.** Live virtuously, even if you do not feel virtuous. As the next lines show, there is no advice to hypocrisy here.

III. iv. 161-165. **That monster . . . on.** "That monster, Custom, who destroys all natural feeling and prevents it

from being exerted, and is the malignant attendant on habits, is yet an angel in this respect, etc." (Clarendon.)

III. iv. 175. *their*. Referring to *Heaven* as a plural.

III. iv. 194-196. *the famous ape . . . down*. No one has found the fable, but the meaning is obvious.

III. iv. 211. *packing*. Here *plotting, planning*, but also with touch of another meaning, *going off quickly*.

IV. i. 11. *brainish apprehension*. Brain-sick understanding.

IV. i. 17, 18. *providence . . . haunt*. Foresight should have kept in hand, restrained and out of company.

IV. i. 25, 26. *ore . . . mineral*. Gold in a mine.

IV. i. 27. *he weeps*. Apparently a fiction of the Queen's.

IV. i. 41. *o'er the world's diameter*. The world is here conceived as flat.

IV. i. 42. *his blank*. The white centre of the target.

IV. i. 44. *woundless*. That may not be wounded.

IV. ii. 12. *demande'd of*. Questioned by.

IV. ii. 17. *countenance . . . authorities*. Favor, rewards, offices.

IV. ii. 32, 33. *Hide . . . after*. A name for a game like hide-and-seek. As Hamlet sheathes his sword, often called a *fox*, the idea flashes into his brain and out it comes.

IV. iii. 25. *variable service*. Variety in service, in courses.

IV. iii. 47. *tend*. Attend, wait for.

IV. iii. 56. *at foot*. At his heels.

IV. iii. 59. *That else, etc*. That the affair depends on.

IV. iii. 63. *free awe*. Awe not enforced by Danish arms or authority.

IV. iii. 64. *coldly set*. Regard indifferently.

IV. iv. 3. *conveyance . . . march*. Convoying of his army as it marches.

IV. iv. 6. *in his eye*. In his presence. *Eye* was the formal word for the royal presence.

IV. iv. 22. *in fee*. *Fee simple* here, that is, sold as belonging to the purchaser and his assigns forever; unqualified, unrestricted.

IV. iv. 27. *imposthume . . . peace*. The abscess in the peaceful and wealthy body politic.

IV. iv. 34. *market of his time*. That for which he sells his time.

IV. iv. 36. *large discourse*. Breadth of understanding.

IV. iv. 54-56. *Is . . . stake*. As Furness pointed out, a comma after *not* gives the sense better. "To stir on every trifling occasion is not an attribute of greatness, it is to stir instantly for a trifle when honor is at stake."

IV. iv. 63. *Whereon . . . cause*. Not large enough to hold the numbers of men fighting over it.

IV. iv. 64. *continent*. Receptacle.

IV. v. It would seem a better division of time and space and massing to let Act III run to this point. With this as the first scene of Act IV, we should open a new interest, the madness of Ophelia. The wait between the acts would make the voyage to England more plausible. See note on I. i.

IV. v. 6. *in doubt*. With no definite purpose.

IV. v. 9. *to collection*. To try to gather the meaning.

IV. v. 23-26, 29-32. *How should, etc*. The music used to-day for Ophelia's songs is supposed to be the same used in Shakespeare's time. For it, see Chappell, *Popular*

Music of the Olden Time, I. 236. The snatches of song through l. 39 are from the same original.

IV. v. 25, 26. cockle hat . . . shoon. The cockle-shell in the hat, the staff, and sandals marked the pilgrim. This habit was often used as a disguise in love intrigues.

IV. v. 41. 'ild. Reward. 'Ild for *yield*.

IV. v. 41, 42. owl . . . daughter. A Gloucestershire tale. Our Saviour went into a baker's shop and asked for some bread. The mistress of the shop was reprimanded by her daughter for too great generosity, and the daughter was changed into an owl.

IV. v. 48-55, 58-66. [*Sings*.] See Chappell, I, 227.

IV. v. 48-51. An allusion to the old custom by which the first girl seen by a man on St. Valentine's morning became his true love.

IV. v. 89. Is filled with doubt and amazement and is reserved and mysterious in conduct.

IV. v. 92. People bound to talk but without facts.

IV. v. 105. ratifiers and props. Referring to *antiquity* and *custom*.

IV. v. 110. counter. Used of a hound hunting in the wrong direction.

IV. v. 146. life-rend'ring pelican. "By the pelican's dropping upon its breast its lower bill to enable its young to take from its capacious pouch, lined with a fine flesh-colored skin, this appearance is in feeding them given." (Caldecott, quoting Dr. Sherwen.)

IV. v. 155. sense and virtue. Feeling and power.

IV. v. 161, 162. Nature . . . love. Nature is refined by love, and where it is so, it sends, etc. So Ophelia in her love for her father sends after him her "maid's wits."

IV. v. 171. wheel becomes it. Probably *wheel* is *refrain*; or, perhaps, "How well the song goes to the spinning wheel."

IV. v. 174. This . . . matter. This nonsense is more moving than sense.

IV. v. 176 ff. There's rosemary . . . Sundays. *Rosemary* as a symbol of remembrance was used at weddings and funerals. *Pansies*, in French, are *pensées*. *Fennel* is for flatterers. It was also held to clear dimmed eyes. *Columbine*, because of the horns of its nectaria, was a symbol of cuckoldom. *Rue*, the symbol of sorry remembrance, was commonly called *herb of grace*.

IV. v. 181. rue . . . me. Here Ophelia gives the Queen some rue and keeps some for herself, just as she gave, each time with appropriateness, the rosemary to Laertes, the fennel and columbine to the king. This applies, whether the flowers she gives be real or, as the scene is sometimes acted, imaginary.

IV. v. 183. rue with a difference. *I.e.*, from mine. The meaning of Ophelia here is by no means clear, but the *daisy*, the symbol of dissembling, and the immediate mention of her father show she is thinking of *craft* in the Queen and of the difference in the losses — a husband and a father.

IV. v. 184, 185. violets. She is thinking of her brother's advice at parting to hold Hamlet's love but as a *violet in the youth of primy Nature* and also of faithfulness for which the violet is symbol.

IV. v. 187, 190. [*Sings.*] For the music see Chappell, I, 233, 237, or Furness, *Hamlet*, I, 349.

IV. vi. 13. means. Means of access.

IV. vi. 21. thieves of mercy. Merciful thieves.

IV. vii. 15. **star . . . sphere.** The Ptolemaic theory was that the stars were set in crystal spheres, by the revolution of which they were carried round.

IV. vii. 18. **general gender.** Common people.

IV. vii. 27. **if . . . again.** If praise may revert to what has been.

IV. vii. 28-29. **stood . . . age.** *Of all the age* perhaps modifies *challenger*. Others take it with *mount*, interpreting it as meaning "on the summit of the times," "as the best of her time."

IV. vii. 88. **incorps'd and demi-natur'd.** As if, Centaur-like, they were part of each other.

IV. vii. 118. **passages of proof.** Circumstances that prove it true. For construction, cf. IV. vi. 21.

IV. vii. 123. **spendthrift sigh.** It was anciently believed that every sigh sucked a drop of blood from the heart.

IV. vii. 151. **May . . . shape.** May enable us to act our parts, as actors put on their *shapes*, disguises.

IV. vii. 155. **blast in proof.** As cannon burst in the proving, testing.

IV. vii. 161. **for the nonce.** For the occasion.

IV. vii. 168. **hoar leaves.** Willow-leaves are silver-gray, like hoar frost, on the under side.

IV. vii. 170. **long purples.** The purple orchis, blooming in April and May. But it is the spotted palmate orchis and the marsh orchis which are really called "dead men's fingers." For reference in l. 171 see Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578.

IV. vii. 179. **incapable.** Insensible.

IV. vii. 189. **These.** *I.e.*, tears.

V. i. 5. **Christian burial.** Suicides were not usually allowed to lie in consecrated ground.

V. i. 9. **se offendendo**. For *se defendendo*, a finding of the jury in justifiable homicide.

V. i. 25. **crowner's quest law**. For the case of Sir James Hales which may have provided Shakespeare with the idea of the First Clown's speech, see *Variorum*, I, 376.

V. i. 32. **even Christian**. Fellow Christians.

V. i. 59. **unyoke**. Stop work.

V. i. 68. **Yaughan**. A Welsh name, probably to be recognized by Shakespeare's audience as that of some neighboring tavern-keeper.

V. i. 69-130. **In youth . . . meet**. The clown here sings his version of snatches of Lord Vaux's *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*, first published in *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557. For the whole poem and the tune see Furness, I, 380, 382, 385. The *oh's* and *ah's* are merely the hard breathing of the clown as he works.

V. i. 75, 76. **in him . . . easiness**. Easy for him.

V. i. 114-115. **statutes . . . recoveries**. Technical terms in the sale of land. — **fine of his fines**. End of all his fines.

V. i. 120. **this box**. The grave.

V. i. 126. **assurance**. Play on words: *assurance* in ordinary sense and in legal sense, where lands or tenements are conveyed by deed.

V. i. 149. **by the card**. Precisely, accurately.

V. i. 161. **Hamlet was born**. This scene makes Hamlet 30 years old. For the resultless perturbation of critics over this see the amusing note of Furness, I, 391-393.

V. i. 230. **modesty**. Moderation, probability.

V. i. 251. **command . . . order**. The command of the king puts aside the course prescribed by the Church.

V. i. 253. for. Instead of.

V. i. 271. ingenious sense. Keen mind, intellect.

V. i. 299. eisel. Vinegar. *Eisel* is Theobald's emendation of *Esile* (Ff), *vessels* (Q₁), *Esill* (Q₂).

V. i. 310. when . . . disclos'd. When her chicks covered with yellow down are hatched. The dove lays but two eggs.

V. i. 318. present push. Instant test.

V. i. 320. This . . . monument. Double meaning in *living*; a *permanent* monument, as he wishes the Queen to believe; and a *living sacrifice* in Hamlet, as he wishes Laertes to understand.

V. ii. 13. scarf'd about. Thrown round the shoulders.

V. ii. 14. them. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

V. ii. 22. such . . . life. Such terrors, reasons for alarm, if I live.

V. ii. 23. no leisure bated. Immediately.

V. ii. 31. They. My brains.

V. ii. 36. yeoman's service. Substantial service. The yeomen were the backbone of the English army.

V. ii. 41. wheaten garland wear. Only in times of peace can the crops ripen.

V. ii. 42. comma. "*Comma* is the term of theoretical musicians for the least of all the sensible intervals in music, showing the exact proportions between *accords*." (Clarke.) Hold them in closest accord. Dowden explains as an old meaning of *comma*, "a phrase forming a short member of a sentence," coming between its beginning and end.

V. ii. 43. *As-es* . . . charge. Play on *as* and *ass*, and also on *charge*, weight, burden.

V. ii. 47. **shriving time.** Used for any brief space, an instant.

V. ii. 59. **insinuation grow.** Through their thrusting themselves into the undertaking.

V. ii. 63. **thinks't thee, etc.** Does it not seem to thee it is incumbent on me to?

V. ii. 69, 70. **come . . . evil.** Commits further crimes.

V. ii. 108. **I . . . remember.** *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. i. 103, has the full phrase.

V. ii. 114. **card . . . gentry.** Index, guide to elegance of conduct.

V. ii. 115, 116. **continent . . . see.** He includes all the qualities of the perfect gentleman.

V. ii. 120, 121. **and yet . . . sail.** And yet, as compared with his quick sailing, swing to and fro like a ship in a heavy sea.

V. ii. 122. **of great article.** Of great value.

V. ii. 124. **his . . . mirror.** He is unique.

V. ii. 128, 129. **The concernancy . . . breath.** Your meaning, sir, in all this? Why do we waste words over this gentleman?

V. ii. 131, 132. **Is't not . . . really.** "Can't you understand your own absurd language in another's tongue?" (Moberly.)

V. ii. 145. **compare.** Compare myself.

V. ii. 160. **liberal conceit.** Elaborate design.

V. ii. 162-163. **edified . . . done.** Horatio gleefully cries: "I knew you would have to ask an explanation before you were well out of this contest of wits." Ben Jonson puts much *edification* into his *marginal* notes to his *Sejanus*.

V. ii. 174. **three hits . . . nine.** *Not exceed you three hits*, would seem to mean touch you three times more than you touch him.

V. ii. 176. **vouchsafe the answer.** Osric's obscure way of saying, "meet his wishes." Hamlet takes it literally.

V. ii. 181. **breathing time.** The time for relaxation, exercise.

V. ii. 190. **Yours, yours.** Elliptical for "and mine to you."

V. ii. 193-194. **lapwing . . . head.** A current phrase for a forward, forthputting person.

V. ii. 199. **habit of encounter.** Exterior politeness.

V. ii. 199-201. **kind . . . opinions.** A set of frothy phrases which lead them into the most foolish and empty opinions. If we accept the emendation *fanned and winnowed*, then the phrase means, lets them impose on the most select people.

V. ii. 202. **are out.** Are at a loss.

V. ii. 215. **gentle entertainment.** Conciliatory behavior.

V. ii. 230-231. **there's . . . sparrow.** *Matthew*, x. 29-31; *Luke*, xii. 6.

V. ii. 234-236. **since . . . betimes.** "Since no man has any secure hold of any portion of that which he leaves behind him, of what moment is it that this parting should be made thus early?" (Caldecott.) Another interpretation is, since no man knows what the rest of his life might be, what matters it though he die early? For variants and emendations see Wright and Furness.

V. ii. 239. **This presence.** This royal gathering.

V. ii. 260. **voice and precedent.** "Opinion and precedent which will justify me in making peace." (Clarendon.)

V. ii. 267. **Stick fiery off.** Display itself brilliantly.

V. ii. 276. **likes.** Pleases.

V. ii. 280. **quit in answer.** Pay him off in the third encounter.

V. ii. 297. **fat . . . breath.** This is said to have been inserted because Burbadge, who played Hamlet, grew corpulent; but *fat* may mean *out of training*.

V. ii. 317. **woodcock . . . springe.** "This kind is trained to decoy other birds and sometimes while strutting incautiously too near the springe, it becomes itself entangled." *Notes and Queries* (Aug. 8, 1876).

V. ii. 341. **come . . . thee.** May you not be held responsible for.

V. ii. 347. **Had . . . as.** Ellipsis: "Had I but time, which I have not, for —"

V. ii. 364. **o'er-crows.** As the victorious cock crows over his defeated rival.

V. ii. 368-369. **occurrents . . . solicited.** The occurrences which have moved me to act as I have.

V. ii. 375. **cries on havoc.** Proclaims havoc, general slaughter.

V. ii. 393. **Of . . . slaughters.** This line refers to the death of Polonius, as the next refers to the killing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, forced on Hamlet.

V. ii. 400. **rights of memory.** Rights which are remembered.

V. ii. 403. **his mouth.** Horatio will announce the dying wish of Hamlet, l. 366, that Fortinbras should become king.

V. ii. 406. **On plots.** In consequence of plots.

Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version. Passages added from Q_2 are indicated in the text by square brackets.

- I. i. 65. jump] Q_2 ; just Ff.
94. design'd] F_1 ; designe F_1Q_2 .
150. morn] Q_2 ; day Ff.
- ii. 150, etc. God] Q_2 ; Heaven Ff.
198. waste] F_1 ; vast Q_1 ; wast Q_2F_1 .
204. distill'd] Q_2 ; bestil'd F_1 .
248. tenable] Q_2 ; treble Ff.
- iii. 8. Forward] Q_2 ; Froward F_1 .
16. will] Q_2 ; feare Ff.
21. sanity] Theobald *conj.*; safty Q_2 ; sanctity Ff.
26. particular act and place] Q_2 ; peculiar Sect and force Ff.
34. you in] Q_2 ; within Ff.
74. Are . . . in that] Grant White; Are of a . . . cheff in that Ff; Or of a . . . , chiefe in that Q_2 .
109. Running] Collier *conj.*; Wrong Q_2 ; Roaming Ff.
114. almost . . . holy] Q_2 ; all the Ff.
117. Lends] Q_2 ; Gives Ff.
128. that dye] Q_2 ; the eye Ff.
150. bawds] Theobald; bonds Q_2 Ff.

- iv. 37. often dont] Steevens; of a doubt Q₂.
- v. 29. Haste] Rowe; Hast Q₂; Hast, hast F₁; Haste, haste F₂.
33. roots] Q₂; rootes Q₁₋₄; rots Ff.
71. bark'd] barckt Q₂; bak'd Ff.
114. *Ham.*] Q₂; *Mar.* Ff.
115. *Mar.*] Q₂; *Hor.* Ff.
133. whirling] Theobald; wherling Q₁; whurling Q₂; hurling Ff.
162. earth] Qq; ground Ff.
167. our] Ff; your Qq.
- II. i. 111. heed] Q₂; speed Ff.
114. By heaven] Qq; It seemes Ff.
- ii. 10. dream] Q₂; deeme Ff.
45. and] Qq; one Ff.
308. heavily] Q₂; heavenly Ff.
312. firmament] Q₂; Ff. *omit.*
338. tickle] Staunton *conj.*; tickled Ff.
438. pious chanson] Q₂; godly Ballet Q₁; Pons Chanson F₁.
442. valanc'd] Qq; valiant Ff.
479. total] Q₂; to take Ff.
- 525, 526. mobled] Qq F₂; inobled F₁.
579. own] Q₂; whole Ff.
580. wann'd] wand Q₂; warm'd Ff.
604. [Swounds] Q₂; Why Ff.
612. a dear father] Q₄; a deere Q₂; the Deere F₁.
- III. i. 71. proud] Q₂; poore Ff.
76. fardels] Q₂; these Fardels Ff.
86. pith] Ff; pitch Q₂.
87. awry] Q₂; away Ff.

97. I] Ff; you Q₂.
 99. Their . . . lost] Q₂; then . . . left F₁.
 136. nowhere] Q₂; no way Ff.
 148. paintings] Qq; pratlings F₁.
 149. face] Qq; pace Ff.
- ii. 35. nor man] Q₂; or Norman Ff.
 89. heedful] Q₂; needful F₁.
 151. *Enter Prologue*] after fellow Q₂; after 158 Ff.
 this fellow] Q₂; these fellows Ff.
 171. etc. *P. Queen*] Steevens; *Quee.* Q₂; *Bap. or*
 Bapt. F₁.
 262. mistake your] Q₂; must take your Q₁; mistake
 Ff.
 351. surely . . . upon] Q₂; freely . . . of Ff.
- iii. 81. flush] Q₂; fresh Ff.
- iv. 12. a wicked] Q₂; an idle Ff.
 65. brother] Q₂; breath Ff.
 169. either master] Jennens; either Q₂; Maister Q₄.
 182. bloat] Warburton; blowt Q₂; blurt Ff.
- IV. i. 40. [so, haply, slander] Capell; for, haply, slander
 Theobald; Qq Ff omit.
 ii. 19. as . . . nuts] Q₁; like an apple Q₂; like an
 ape Ff.
 iii. 47. is] Q₂; at Ff.
 v. 1-20. *So* Q₂; Ff have no *Gent. in the scene, and 2-3,*
 4-13, are given to Hor., the rest to Queen.
 146. pelican] Q₂; Politician F₁.
- vii. 27. Whose worth] Q₂; who was Ff.
 85. can] Q₂; ran Ff.
 143. that, but dip] Q₂; I but dipt Ff.
- V. i. 80. claw'd] Q₂; caught Ff.

87. now o'er-reaches] Q₂; o're offices F₁.
 88. would] Q₂; could Ff.
 211. grinning] Q₂; leering Ff.
 255. rites] Ff; crants Q₂.
 288, 289. [All. Gentlemen, — Hor.] Q₂; Gen. Ff.
 297. ['Swounds] Q₂; Come Ff.
 307. [Queen] Q₂; Kin. F₁.
- ii. 9. deep] Q₂; deare Ff.
 58. defeat] Q₂; debate Ff.
 91. lordship] Q₂; friendship Ff.
 132. do't] Q₂; too't Q₂.
 174. laid on] Q₂; one Ff.
 175. nine] Q₂; mine Ff.
 192. turn] Q₂; tongue Ff.
 196. has . . . many] Q₂; had . . . mine F₁; had
 . . . nine F₂.
 255. brother] Qq; Mother Ff.
 299. Here . . . napkin] Q₂; Heere's a napkin Ff.
 369. silence] Q₂; silence. O, o, o, o Ff.



Glossary

absolute, positive, certain, complete; V. i. 148; V. ii. 112.

abuse, deceive; II. ii. 632: illusion, deception; IV. vii. 51.

act, action; I. ii. 205.

admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. ii. 192; III. ii. 339.

adulterate, adulterous; I. v. 42.

aery, eagle's or hawk's nest; II. ii. 354.

affections, passions; III. i. 170.

affront, meet directly, confront; III. i. 31.

against, just before; II. ii. 505.

amiss, disaster; IV. v. 18.

an, if; I. v. 177.

anchor, anchorite, hermit; III. ii. 229.

antic, fantastic, foolish; I. iv. 172.

approve, confirm, I. i. 29: confirm reputation; V. ii. 141.

argal, corruption of *ergo*, therefore; V. i. 13, 21, 55.

article, document; I. i. 94: value; V. ii. 122.

assay, proof, trial; II. ii. 71: charge, onset; III. iii. 69: tempt; III. i. 14.

assigns, accompaniments; V. ii. 157.

attribute, reputation; I. iv. 22.

avouch, proof, testimony; I. i. 57.

batten, fatten; III. iv. 67.

beaver, "that part of the helmet which may be lifted up to take breath the more freely" (Bullokar, *English Expositor*); I. ii. 230.

bent, inclination; II. ii. 30; III. ii. 402.

beteem, allow; I. ii. 141.

- bilboes, fetters; V. ii. 6.
 blank, blanch; III. ii. 230.
 blister, brand of unchastity; III. iv. 44.
 board, accost, speak to; II. ii. 170.
 bodkin, small dagger; III. i. 76.
 bore, calibre, weight; IV. vi. 27.
 bourn, limit, boundary; III. i. 29.
 brainish, brain-sick; IV. i. 11.
 bravery, bravado; V. ii. 79.
 braz'd, hardened to impudence; III. iv. 37.
 broad, unrestrained; III. iv. 2.
 brooch, ornament; IV. vii. 94.
 bruit, noise abroad; I. ii. 127.
 bugs, bugbears, terrors; V. ii. 22.
 but, merely; II. ii. 495.
 buttons, buds; I. iii. 40.
 buzzers, whisperers, tale-bearers; V. v. 90.

 candied, sugared, flattering; III. ii. 65.
 canker, canker-worm, that destroys buds; I. iii. 39;
 (figuratively) V. ii. 69.
 cap-a-pie, Fr. *cap à pied*, head to foot; I. ii. 200.
 capable, appreciative; III. ii. 12: susceptible; III. iv.
 127.
 capital, important; IV. vii. 7.
 carriage, purport; I. i. 94.
 cataplasm, poultice; IV. vii. 144.
 cautel, craft, wile; I. iii. 15.
 cease, ceasing, death; III. iii. 15.
 censure, opinion, judgment; I. iii. 69; III. ii. 30: judge;
 III. ii. 92.
 cerements, grave-clothes (originally, of waxed cloth);
 I. iv. 48.
 'hapless, lacking the lower jaw; V. i. 97.

- character, inscribe**; I. iii. 59: handwriting; IV. vii. 52.
change, exchange; I. ii. 163.
charge, expense; IV. iv. 47: burden, weight; V. ii. 43.
choler, anger; III. ii. 315.
check, (of a hawk) leave its proper prey to follow another.
chopfallen, down in the mouth; V. i. 212.
chopine, a kind of shoe with a thick sole; II. ii. 446.
chough, usually, jackdaw; here, probably *chuff*, boor, clown; V. ii. 90.
circumstance, circumlocution; I. v. 127.
clepe, call; I. iv. 19.
climatures, regions; I. i. 125.
closet, private apartment; II. i. 77, etc.
closely, privately, secretly; III. i. 29.
Cock, corruption of *God*; IV. v. 62.
coil, turmoil; III. i. 67.
commend, recommend, attest; I. ii. 39.
commerce, intercourse; III. i. 109.
commutual, intensive of *mutual*; III. ii. 170.
complexion, temperament; V. ii. 102.
comply, be courteous; II. ii. 389; V. ii. 195.
compulsative, compulsory; I. i. 103.
compulsive, compelling; III. iv. 86.
conceit, conception; II. ii. 579, 583: imagination; III. iv. 114; IV. v. 45.
concernancy, meaning, point; V. ii. 128.
conclusions, experiments; III. iv. 195.
condolement, mourning; I. ii. 93.
confines, prisons; II. ii. 251.
conjunctive, closely united; IV. vii. 14.
consonancy, accord; II. ii. 295.
contagion, poison; IV. vii. 148.
contraction, marriage contract; III. iv. 46.
contriving, plotting; IV. vii. 136.

- cote**, come up with and pass (a hunting term); II. ii. 330.
couch, hide; V. i. 245.
cousin, used of any kinsman outside the immediate family;
 I. ii. 70, 107.
count, accounting, trial; IV. vii. 17.
cozen, cheat, blind; III. iv. 77.
crowner, coroner; V. i. 4.
cry, pack (of hounds, musically selected), company; III.
 iii. 289.
- Danskens**, Danes; II. i. 7.
dear, used of anything that comes home to one intimately;
 I. ii. 182.
dearth, rarity; V. ii. 123.
defeat, mar; I. ii. 10: ruin, II. ii. 598.
delated, detailed; I. ii. 38.
design'd, drawn up, or before-mentioned; I. i. 94.
differences, personal qualities; V. ii. 112.
disasters, ominous appearances; I. i. 118.
dispatch, deprive; I. v. 75.
disprize, misprize, undervalue; III. i. 72.
distemper, discompose; III. ii. 312: discomposure; III.
 iv. 123.
distil, transform, disintegrate; I. ii. 204.
document, lesson; IV. v. 178.
dout, do out, put out; IV. vii. 192.
down-gyved, hanging like gyves or fetters; II. i. 80.
drossy, worthless; V. ii. 197.
ducat, gold coin worth about \$2.25 or 9 shillings.
dup, do up, open; IV. v. 53.
- eager**, biting, sharp; I. iv. 2.
ecstasy, madness; II. i. 102; III. i. 168; III. iv. 138.
edge, incitement; III. i. 26.

effects, actions; III. iv. 129.
emulate, emulous, jealous; I. i. 83.
enacture, action, fulfillment; III. ii. 207.
enseamed, greasy; III. iv. 92.
entreatments, conversation, interview; I. iii. 122.
envious, jealous; IV. vii. 174.
enviously, spitefully; IV. v. 6.
escoted, paid; II. ii. 362.
espials, spies; III. i. 32.
eterne, eternal; II. ii. 512.
excrements, hair; III. iv. 121.
expostulate, discuss; II. ii. 86.
express, exact; II. ii. 318.
extent, behavior; II. ii. 390.
even, plain, honest; II. ii. 298.
event, issue; IV. iv. 41.
extravagant, wandering beyond confines; I. i. 154.
eyas, unfledged hawk, nestling; II. ii. 355.

fardels, urdens; III. i. 76.
farm, rent; IV. iv. 20.
fashion, form; II. ii. 388.
**favour, attractiveness; IV. v. 189: look, appearance; V.
 i. 215.**
foy, faith; II. ii. 72.
feature, figure; III. i. 167.
feelingly, with insight, exactly; V. ii. 114.
felicity, the joys of Heaven; V. ii. 358.
fellies, spokes; II. ii. 517.
fetch, artifice, device; II. i. 38.
flaw, gust; V. i. 239.
flourish, adornment; II. ii. 91.
flush, vigor; III. iii. 81.
fond, foolish; I. v. 99.

- forde, destroy; II. i. 103; V. i. 244.**
forgery, imagination, invention; IV. vii. 90.
forward, disposed; III. i. 7.
free, innocent; III. ii. 252.
fret, adorn; II. ii. 313: irritate (with a play on *fret*, a finger-guide on a musical instrument); III. ii. 389, note.
function, action; II. ii. 582.
fust, grow mouldy; IV. iv. 39.
- gain-giving, misgiving; V. ii. 226.**
gait, procedure; I. ii. 31.
garb, outward fashion; II. ii. 390.
gentry, kindliness; II. ii. 22: gentility; V. ii. 115.
gib, tom-cat; III. iv. 190.
Gis, corruption of *Jesus*; IV. v. 59.
go about, attempt; III. ii. 361.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; II. ii. 172.
gracious, benign, blessed; V. ii. 86. Cf. *grace*, I. iv. 33.
greenly, without ripe consideration; IV. v. 83.
gross, obvious; IV. iv. 46.
grained, ingrained, fast dyed; III. iv. 90.
gules, red (heraldic); II. ii. 479.
gyves, fetters; IV. vii. 21.
- hangers, straps attaching a sword to the girdle; V. ii. 157.**
happily, haply, perhaps; II. ii. 403.
harbingers, forerunners; I. i. 122.
hatchment, escutcheon hung over a grave; IV. v. 214.
haunt, company; IV. i. 18.
head, armed force; IV. v. 101.
hebenon, decoction from the yew; I. v. 62.
hent, grip, course of ploughshare (West Country dialect); see note, III. iii. 88.
's, its; I. iv. 26, 38, etc.

hoodman-blind, blindman's buff; III. iv. 77.

hugger-mugger, secretly; IV. v. 84.

husbandry, thrift; I. iii. 77.

Hyperion, Apollo, the handsomest of the gods; I. ii. 140.

impasted, made into a paste; II. ii. 481.

impone, stake; V. ii. 151.

imputation, reputation; V. ii. 149.

incorrect, unsubmitive.

index, prologue. The index was formerly placed at the beginning of a book; III. iv. 52.

indued, fitted; IV. vii. 180.

infusion, essential qualities; V. ii. 123.

jealousy, suspicion; IV. v. 19.

jig, facetious ballad; II. ii. 522.

John-a-dreams, sleepy, apathetic person; II. ii. 595.

jowl, knock; V. i. 84.

jump, just; I. i. 65; V. ii. 386.

keep, dwell; II. i. 8.

kettle, kettledrum; V. ii. 286.

kibe, chilblain; V. i. 153.

kindless, unnatural; II. ii. 609.

larded, garnished; IV. v. 36.

lazar-like, like a leper; I. v. 72.

let, hinder; I. iv. 85.

Lethe, the river of forgetfulness in the lower world; I. v. 33.

liberal, licentious, free-spoken; IV. vii. 171.

limed, caught as with bird-lime; III. iii. 68.

list, muster-roll; I. i. 98; I. ii. 32: boundary, shore; IV. v. 99.

- loggats**, a game in which logs are thrown at a "jack";
V. i. 100.
- luxury, lust**; I. v. 83.
- maimed**, incomplete; V. i. 242.
- main**, chief power; IV. iv. 15.
- mainly**, in the highest degree; IV. vii. 9.
- mallecho**, Sp. *malhecho*, mischief; III. ii. 147.
- mazzard**, head (contemptuously); V. i. 97.
- meed**, particular excellence; V. ii. 149.
- merely**, entirely; I. ii. 137.
- niching**, secret; III. ii. 147.
- milch**, moist; II. ii. 540.
- model**, copy; V. ii. 50.
- modesty**, reserve, simplicity; II. iii. 289; III. ii. 22.
- moiety**, strictly, half; part; I. i. 90.
- mope**, be dull, stupid; III. iv. 81.
- mountebank**, quack-doctor; IV. vii. 142.
- mouse**, term of endearment; III. iv. 182.
- mow**, grimace; II. ii. 381.
- muddy-mettled**, irresolute; II. ii. 544.
- murdering-piece**, cannon for firing case-shot; IV. v. 95.
- mutines**, mutineers; V. ii. 6.
- naked**, unarmed; IV. vii. 44.
- napkin**, handkerchief; V. ii. 299.
- native**, naturally related to; I. ii. 47: **natural**, I. iii. 84.
- nerve**, sinew; I. iv. 83.
- nomination**, naming; V. ii. 133.
- obsequious**, funereal; I. ii. 92.
- occulted**, concealed; III. ii. 85.
- o'er-raught**, overtook; III. i. 17.
- o'erreach**, get the better of (with play on literal sense);
V. i. 87.

- o'er-size**, cover as with glue or size; II. ii. 484.
o'er-teemed, exhausted with child-bearing; II. ii. 531.
o'ertook, overcome (with drink); II. i. 58.
operant, active; III. ii. 184.
opposite, obstacle, contrary thing; III. ii. 230: opponent;
 V. ii. 62.
ordinant, ruling, guiding; V. ii. 48.
organ, means; II. ii. 623.
orisons, prayers; III. i. 89.
Ossa, mountain in Thessaly; V. i. 306.
- paddock**, toad; III. iv. 190.
painted, falsely colored, false; III. i. 53.
pajock, peacock; III. ii. 295.
pall, lose vigor; V. ii. 9.
pardon, leave to depart; I. ii. 56; III. ii. 329.
parle, parley; I. i. 62.
part, talent, quality; IV. vii. 74; V. ii. 116.
partisan, halberd, two-edged battle axe; I. i. 140.
pass, thrust; IV. vii. 139; V. ii. 61, 173.
passage, death; V. ii. 409.
passion, strong feeling; II. ii. 541, 578: suffering; IV.
 v. 188.
peace-parted, departed in peace; V. i. 261.
peak, mope, be irresolute; II. ii. 594.
peculiar, individual; III. iii. 11.
perpend, ponder; II. ii. 105.
perdy, corruption of *par Dieu*; III. ii. 305.
picked, spruce, smart; V. i. 152.
pioner, pioneer, sapper; I. v. 163.
play, fence; IV. vii. 106; V. ii. 206, etc.
plurisy, plethora, fullness of blood; IV. vii. 118.
politic, political, statesmanlike; IV. iii. 22.
poll, head; IV. v. 196.

- porpentine, porcupine; I. v. 20.
 posset, curdle; I. v. 69.
 posy, motto; III. ii. 162.
 practice, treachery; IV. vii. 139; plot; V. ii. 328.
 precurse, precursor, foreshadowing; I. i. 121.
 pregnant, apt, quick, ready; II. ii. 212; III. ii. 66.
 prenominatè, before-mentioned; II. i. 43.
 presently, at once; II. ii. 170; III. ii. 53.
 pressures, impressions; I. v. 10; III. ii. 27.
 primy, vernal; I. iii. 7.
 probation, proof; I. i. 156.
 process, narrative or course of events; I. v. 37; III. iii.
 29: writ, official order; IV. iii. 65.
 progress, royal journey in state; IV. iii. 33.
 property, quality; II. i. 103; V. i. 76.
 pursy, pampered; III. iv. 153.
 put on, told to; I. iii. 94: set on, instigate; IV. vii. 132;
 V. ii. 394: tested; V. ii. 408.

 quaintly, cleverly, artfully; II. i. 31.
 quality, profession of the actor; II. ii. 363.
 quarry, game killed; V. ii. 375.
 questionable, inviting question or discussion; I. iv. 43.
 quiddit, subtlety; V. i. 107.
 quietus, acquittance given on settling accounts; III. i. 75.
 quillet, frivolous distinction; V. i. 108.
 quote (pronounced *cote*), note, mark; II. i. 112.

 rack, cloud; II. ii. 506.
 ranker, richer; IV. iv. 22.
 recorder, an instrument like a flageolet; III. ii. 329.
 rede, advice; I. iii. 51.
 reechy, stinking; III. iv. 184.
 region, air; II. ii. 509.

- relative, pertinent, cogent; II. ii. 633.
 relish, smack; III. i. 119.
 replication, reply; IV. ii. 14.
 retrograde, contrary; I. ii. 114.
 rival, partner; I. i. 13.
 robustious, intensive of *robust*; III. ii. 9.
 romage, bustle, turmoil; I. i. 107.
 rood, cross, crucifix; III. iv. 14.
 rouse, bumper; I. ii. 127; II. i. 57.
 row, stanza, verse; II. ii. 438.
 rub, obstacle (in bowling); III. i. 65.
- sable, black; I. ii. 240; II. ii. 474: sable fur; IV. vii. 81;
 III. ii. 137 (probably).
 sanctuarize, protect; IV. vii. 127.
 'Sblood, by God's blood; II. ii. 384.
 sconce, head; V. i. 110.
 scrimers, fencers; IV, vii, 101.
 season, temper, moderate; I. ii. 192; II. i. 28: ripen; I.
 iii. 81; III. ii. 219; III. iii. 86.
 secure, unsuspecting; I. v. 61.
 seiz'd on, possessed of; I. i. 89.
 sense, feeling; III. iv. 161; V. i. 78.
 sensible, able to be perceived by the senses; I. i. 57.
 sensibly, feelingly, keenly; IV. v. 150.
 shards, fragments of pottery; V. i. 254.
 shark up, pick up anyhow; I. i. 98.
 shent, harshly reproached, shamed; III. ii. 416.
 shoon, shoes; IV. v. 26.
 shrewdly, keenly; I. iv. 1.
 siege, position, rank; IV. vii. 77.
 simples, medicinal herbs; IV. vii. 145.
 sith, since; IV. iv. 45; IV. vii. 3.
 sort, accord; I. ii. 109: rank, rate; II. ii. 275.

- spill, destroy; IV. v. 20.
 splenitive, passionate; V. i. 284.
 springes, snares; I. iii. 115; V. ii. 317.
 station, attitude, pose; III. iv. 58.
 statist, statesman; V. ii. 33.
 stithy, anvil, forge; III. ii. 89.
 stomach, courage; I. i. 100.
 stoup, flagon; V. i. 68; V. ii. 278.
 strike, exert evil influence; I. i. 162.
 stuck, thrust; IV. vii. 162.
 succession, future; II. ii. 368.
 supervise, looking over, reading; V. ii. 23.
 suppliance, entertainment; I. iii. 9.
 Switzers, Swiss body-guards; IV. v. 97.
 swoopstake, indiscriminately, from *sweepstakes*, a card-
 game where one may take all the stakes; IV. v. 142.
 'Swounds, by God's wounds; II. ii. 604; V. i. 297.
 swounds, swoons; V. i. 319.
- table, memorandum tablet; I. v. 98.
 take, infect, bewitch; I. i. 163.
 tar, set on; II. ii. 370.
 target, shield; II. ii. 334.
 temper'd, mixed; V. ii. 339.
 tender, offer; I. iii. 99, 103, 106: have regard for; I. iii.
 107; IV. iii. 43: show (with pun); I. iii. 109.
 tent, probe; II. ii. 626.
 thought, melancholy, brooding; III. i. 85; IV. v. 188.
 tinct, color; III. iv. 91.
 touch, implicate; IV. v. 207.
 toward, at hand, in preparation; I. i. 77; V. ii. 376.
 toy, fancy, freak; I. iv. 75: trifle, IV. v. 16.
 trick, adorn (heraldic, to indicate color); II. ii. 479:
 trifle; IV. iv. 61: habit; IV. vii. 188.

tristful, sorrowful; III. iv. 50.
truepenny, honest fellow; I. v. 150.
trumpet, trumpeter; I. i. 150.
tyrannically, extravagantly, vehemently; II. ii. 356.

umbrage, shadow; V. ii. 125.
unbated, not blunted; IV. vii. 139; V. ii. 378.
uncharge, fail to accuse, acquit; IV. vii. 68.
unction, ointment; IV. vii. 142.
ungor'd, unwounded; V. ii. 260.
ungracious, graceless; I. iii. 47.
union, a fine pearl; V. ii. 283.
unpregnant of, unquicken'd by; II. ii. 595.
unreclaimed, untamed; II. ii. 34.
unvalued, without high rank; I. iii. 19.
upspring, wild dance; I. iv. 9.

vailed, lowered, downcast; I. ii. 70.
valanc'd, fringed (with a beard); II. ii. 442.
validity, value, effect; III. ii. 199.
ventages, windholes, stops; III. ii. 372.
voice, vote; V. ii. 368.

wanton, favored child; V. ii. 310.
warrantise, warrant; V. i. 250.
watch, sleeplessness; II. ii. 148.
wharf, bank; I. v. 33.
wholesome, sane; III. ii. 328, 333.
wit, wisdom; II. ii. 90.
withal, with; I. iii. 28.

yaw, see note, V. ii. 120.
yesty, frothy; V. ii. 199.

THE following pages contain advertisements
of a few of the Macmillan books on
kindred subjects

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Cambridge Shakespeare. Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT, LL.D.
Nine 8vo volumes, each \$9.00

The Tudor Shakespeare. Edited by W. A. NEILSON and A. H. THOMAS-
DEKE. *Square 16mo, 40 vols., cloth, 25 and 35 cents each; leather,
50 cents each.*

The Eversley Shakespeare. Edited by Professor C. H. HERFORD.
Sold only in sets of eleven volumes, including Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's
"Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man."
Cloth, uniform with the Eversley Series, \$10.00

The Victoria Shakespeare. *Sold in sets of three volumes, \$3.00*

The Globe Shakespeare. In one volume. Edited by WILLIAM G. CLARK
and WILLIAM A. WRIGHT. *Cloth, 8vo, \$1.75*

School Editions of Separate Plays with Notes

Macmillan's English Classics. Edited with Introductions and Notes by
K. DEIGHTON.

The Tempest; Much Ado about Nothing; The Merchant of Venice;
Twelfth Night; The Winter's Tale; Romeo and Juliet; Henry IV, Part I;
Henry IV, Part II; Henry V; Julius Cæsar; Macbeth; Othello; Cymbe-
line; Richard II; Richard III; A Midsummer Night's Dream; Hamlet;
Coriolanus; King John; Antony and Cleopatra; King Lear; As You Like
It; Two Gentlemen of Verona; Henry VIII. *Each 40 cents net*

Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

Julius Cæsar; As You Like It; Macbeth; The Merchant of Venice; Ham-
let; Henry V; Twelfth Night. *Cloth, each 25 cents net*

▲ Complete Concordance, or Verbal Index to Words, Phrases, and Passages
in the Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare, with a Supplementary
Concordance to the Poems. By JOHN BARTLETT, author of "Familiar
Quotations." *In one volume, medium 4to, 1000 pages, \$7.50 net*

"No words of praise are too high for the zeal and discrimination which
have produced this superb book of reference." — *The Literary World.*

"A work without which no lover of Shakespeare can be content." — *The
New York Times.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

Digitized by Google

Macmillan's

Pocket Series of English Classics

Cloth *Uniform in Size and Binding* 25 cents each

- Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.** Edited by ZELMA GRAY, East Side High School, Saginaw, Mich.
- Andersen's Fairy Tales.** Translated from the Danish by CAROLINE PEACHEY and Dr. H. W. DULCKEN. With biographical notes and introduction by SARAH C. BROOKS, Training School, Baltimore, Md.
- Arabian Nights.** Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON.
- Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum and other Poems.** Edited by JUSTUS COLLINS CASTLEMAN, Bloomington High School, Bloomington, Ind.
- Bacon's Essays.** Edited by Professor GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
- Blackmore's Lorna Doone.** Edited by ALBERT L. BARBOUR, Superintendent of Schools, Natick, Mass.
- Browning's Shorter Poems.** Edited by FRANKLIN T. BAKER, Teachers College, New York City.
- Mrs. Browning's Poems (Selections from).** Edited by HELOISE E. HERSHEY.
- Bryant's Thanatopsis, Sella, and other Poems.** Edited by J. H. CASTLEMAN, Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Mich.
- Bulwer-Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii.** Edited by J. H. CASTLEMAN.
- Bunyan's The Pilgrim's Progress.** Edited by Professor HUGH MOFFATT, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Burke's Speech on Conciliation.** Edited by S. C. NEWSOM, Manual Training High School, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Burns' Poems and Songs.** Selected by P. M. BUCK, JR.
- Byron's Childe Harold, Cantos I-IV.** Edited by A. J. GEORGE, High School, Newton, Mass.
- Byron's Shorter Poems.** Edited by RALPH HARTT BOWLES, Instructor in English in the Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H.
- Carlyle's Essay on Burns, with Selections.** Edited by WILLARD C. GORE, Armour Institute, Chicago, Ill.
- Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.** Edited by Mrs. ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.
- Carroll's Alice in Wonderland.** Edited by CHARLES A. McMURRY.
- Chaucer's Prologue to the Book of the Tales of Canterbury, the Knight's Tale, and the Nun's Priest's Tale.** Edited by ANDREW INGRAHAM.
- Church's The Story of the Iliad.**
- Church's The Story of the Odyssey.**
- Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner.** Edited by T. F. HUNTINGTON, Leland Stanford Junior University.
- Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.** Edited by W. K. WICKES, Principal of the High School, Syracuse, N.Y.
- Cooper's The Deerslayer.**
- Cooper's The Spy.** Edited by SAMUEL THURBER, JR.
- Dana's Two Years before the Mast.** Edited by HOMER E. KEYES, Dartmouth College.
- Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.** Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON.
- De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.** Edited by ARTHUR BRATTY, University of Wisconsin.

POCKET SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS — *Continued*

- De Quincey's Joan of Arc and the English Mail-Coach.** Edited by CAROL M. NEWMAN, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
- Dickens's A Christmas Carol and The Cricket on the Hearth.** Edited by JAMES M. SAWIN, with the collaboration of IDA M. THOMAS.
- Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities.** Edited by H. G. BUEHLER, Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn., and L. MASON.
- Dickens's David Copperfield.** 2 vols. Edited by E. FAIRLEY, Jamaica High School, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.** Edited by PERCIVAL CHUBB, Vice-Principal Ethical Culture Schools, New York City.
- Early American Orations, 1760-1824.** Edited by LOUIE R. HELLER, Instructor in English in the De Witt Clinton High School, New York City.
- Edwards's (Jonathan) Sermons (Selections).** Edited by H. N. GARDINER, Professor of Philosophy, Smith College.
- Emerson's Earlier Poems.** Edited by O. C. GALLAGHER.
- Emerson's Essays (Selected).** Edited by EUGENE D. HOLMES.
- Emerson's Representative Men.** Edited by PHILLO MELVYN BUCK, JR., William McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo.
- Epoch-making Papers in United States History.** Edited by M. S. BROWN, New York University.
- Franklin's Autobiography.**
- Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford.** Edited by Professor MARTIN W. SAMPSON, Indiana University.
- George Eliot's Silas Marner.** Edited by E. L. GULICK, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J.
- Goldsmith's The Deserted Village and The Traveller.** Edited by ROBERT N. WHITEFORD, High School, Peoria, Ill.
- Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.** Edited by H. W. BOYNTON, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.
- Gray's Elegy.** Edited by J. H. CASTLEMAN.
- Grimm's Fairy Tales.** Edited by JAMES H. FASSETT, Superintendent of Schools, Nashua, N.H.
- Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair.** Edited by H. H. KINGSLEY, Superintendent of Schools, Evanston, Ill.
- Hawthorne's The House of the Seven Gables.** Edited by CLYDE FURST, Secretary of Teachers College, Columbia University.
- Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse.** Edited by C. E. BURBANK.
- Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales.** Edited by R. H. BEGGS.
- Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales.** Edited by C. R. GASTON.
- Hawthorne's The Wonder-Book.** Edited by L. E. WOLFE, Superintendent of Schools, San Antonio, Texas.
- Homer's Iliad.** Translated by LANG, LEAF, and MYERS.
- Homer's Odyssey.** Translated by BUTCHER and LANG.
- Homer's Odyssey.** Translated by ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by E. and W. SHUMWAY.
- Hughes' Tom Brown's School Days.** Edited by CHARLES S. THOMAS.
- Irving's Alhambra.** Edited by ALFRED M. HITCHCOCK, Public High School, Hartford, Conn.
- Irving's Knickerbocker History of New York.** Edited by Professor E. A. GREENLAW, Adelphi College, New York City.
- Irving's Life of Goldsmith.** Edited by GILBERT SYKES BLAKELY, Teacher of English in the Morris High School, New York City.
- Irving's Sketch Book.**
- Keary's Heroes of Asgard.** Edited by CHARLES H. MORSS.
- Kingsley's The Heroes: Greek Fairy Tales.** Edited by CHARLES A. McMURRY, Ph.D.

POCKET SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS — *Continued*

- Lamb's *Essays of Elia*. Edited by HELEN J. ROBINS.
Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Edited by A. AINGER.
Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Edited by HOMER P. LEWIS.
Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish, and Minor Poems*. Edited by W. D. HOWE, Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Edited by LEWIS B. SEMPLE, Commercial High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Edited by J. H. CASTLEMAN.
Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha*. Edited by ELIZABETH J. FLEMING, Teachers' Training School, Baltimore, Md.
Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*. Edited by HERBERT E. BATES, Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*. Edited by C. W. FRENCH, Principal of Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Ill.
Macaulay's *Essay on Clive*. Edited by J. W. PEARCE, Assistant Professor of English in Tulane University.
Macaulay's *Essay on Johnson*. Edited by WILLIAM SCHUYLER, Assistant Principal of the St. Louis High School.
Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*. Edited by C. W. FRENCH.
Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings*. Edited by MRS. M. J. FRICK, Los Angeles, Cal.
Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome, and other Poems*. Edited by FRANKLIN T. BAKER, Teachers College, Columbia University.
Malory's *Morte d'Arthur (Selections)*. Edited by D. W. SWIGGETT.
Memorable Passages from the Bible (Authorized Version). Selected and edited by FRED NEWTON SCOTT, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Michigan.
Milton's *Comus, Lycidas, and other Poems*.
Milton's *Paradise Lost, Books I and II*. Edited by W. I. CRANE.
Old English Ballads. Edited by WILLIAM D. ARMES, of the University of California.
Out of the Northland. Edited by EMILIE KIP BAKER.
Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*.
Plutarch's *Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony*. Edited by MARTHA BRIER, Polytechnic High School, Oakland, Cal.
Poems Narrative and Lyrical required for college entrance. Edited by ROBERT P. ST. JOHN, Commercial High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Poe's *Poems*. Edited by CHARLES W. KENT, University of Virginia.
Poe's *Prose Tales (Selections from)*.
Pope's *Homer's Iliad*. Edited by ALBERT SMYTH, Head Professor of English Language and Literature, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*. Edited by ELIZABETH M. KING.
Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies and the King of the Golden River*. Edited by HERBERT E. BATES.
Scott's *Ivanhoe*. Edited by ALFRED M. HITCHCOCK.
Scott's *Kenilworth*. Edited by J. H. CASTLEMAN.
Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Edited by ELIZABETH A. PACKARD.
Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Edited by RALPH H. BOWLES.
Scott's *Marmion*. Edited by GEORGE B. AITON, State Inspector of High Schools for Minnesota.
Scott's *Quentin Durward*. Edited by ARTHUR LLEWELLYN ENO, Instructor in the University of Illinois.
Scott's *The Talisman*. Edited by FREDERICK TREUDLEY, State Normal College, Ohio University.
Selected Poems for Required Reading in Secondary Schools. Edited by H. W. BOYNTON, M.A.

POCKET SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS — Continued

- Shakespeare's As You Like It.** Edited by CHARLES ROBERT GASTON.
Shakespeare's Hamlet. Edited by L. A. SHERMAN, Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska.
Shakespeare's Henry V. Edited by RALPH HARTT BOWLES, Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H.
Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Edited by GEORGE W. HUFFORD and LOIS G. HUFFORD, High School, Indianapolis, Ind.
Shakespeare's Macbeth. Edited by C. W. FRENCH.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Edited by CHARLOTTE W. UNDERWOOD, Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill.
Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by E. C. NOYES.
Shakespeare's Richard II. Edited by JAMES HUGH MOFFATT.
Shakespeare's The Tempest. Edited by S. C. NEWSOM.
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited by EDWARD P. MORTON.
Shakespeare (THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE). Under the General Editorship of Professor WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, Ph.D., of Harvard University, and Professor ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE, L.H.D., of Columbia University. 40 volumes. Illustrated. Cloth, 16mo, 25 cents each, net.

JUST PUBLISHED

- Romeo and Juliet.** The GENERAL EDITORS.
Henry IV, Part I. FRANK W. CHANDLER, Ph.D., Professor of English and Comparative Literature, University of Cincinnati.
Henry V. LEWIS F. MOTT, Ph.D., Professor of English, College of the City of New York.
As You Like It. MARTHA H. SHACKFORD, Ph.D., Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College.
Henry VI, Part I. LOUISE POUND, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of Nebraska.
Shelley and Keats (Selections from). Edited by S. C. NEWSOM.
Sheridan's The Rivals, and The School for Scandal. Edited by W. D. HOWE.
Southern Poets (Selections from). Edited by W. L. WEBER.
Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book I. Edited by GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE, Professor of English in the South Carolina College.
Stevenson's Kidnapped. Edited by JOHN THOMPSON BROWN.
Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae. Edited by H. A. WHITE.
Stevenson's Treasure Island. Edited by H. A. VANCE, Professor of English in the University of Nashville.
Swift's Gulliver's Travels. Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON.
Tennyson's Idylls of the King.
Tennyson's Shorter Poems. Edited by CHARLES READ NUTTER.
Tennyson's The Princess. Edited by WILSON FARRAND.
Thackeray's Henry Esmond. Edited by JOHN BELL HENNEMAN, University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Washington's Farewell Address, and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. Edited by WILLIAM T. PECK.
John Woolman's Journal.
Wordsworth's Shorter Poems. Edited by EDWARD FULTON.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

Shakespearean Tragedy

Second Edition

Lectures on *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*

By A. C. BRADLEY, LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

Cloth, 8vo, xii + 408 pages, \$3.25 net; by mail, \$3.40

The Times, London:—

"Nothing has been written for many years that has done so much as these lectures will do to advance the understanding and the appreciation of the greatest things in Shakespeare's greatest plays. . . . One may well doubt whether in the whole field of English literary criticism anything has been written in the last twenty years more luminous, more masterly, more penetrating to the very centre of its subject."

Shakespeare: A Critical Study

By GEORGE BRANDES, Author of "Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature," etc. *Cloth, 8vo, 690 pages and index, \$2.60 net*

The Athenæum, London:—

"On these volumes as a whole we can bestow hearty praise and commendation. No other single work on Shakespeare includes so much, and so much that is valuable. Dr. Brandes is a good, a first-rate 'all-round man.' There is no side of his subject which he neglects. He is both an antiquary and a critic, interested in the smallest details of biography, and also taking broad and comprehensive views of Shakespeare's thought and style. His book is in its way encyclopædic, and we venture to say that there are few people—few scholars—who would not find themselves the better informed and the wiser for its perusal. He has equipped himself for his task by wide study and research; and on all the materials he has amassed he has brought to bear a judgment well balanced and vigorous, and a mind liberal and independent. It is many years since there has been any contribution to Shakespearean literature of such importance as this. These two volumes are of solid worth, and deserve a place in every Shakespearean student's library."

Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare

Edited by D. NICHOL SMITH.

Cloth, \$3.00

From the Editor's Preface:—

"It is at least eighty years since most of these Essays were reprinted. Rowe's Account of Shakespeare is given in its original and complete form for the first time, it is believed, since 1714. . . . Dennis's Essay has not appeared since the author republished it in 1721. . . . The Nine Essays or Prefaces here reprinted may claim to represent the chief phases of Shakespearean study from the days of Dryden to those of Coleridge. The Introduction has been planned to show the main lines in the development of Shakespeare's reputation, and to prove that the new criticism, which is said to begin with Coleridge, takes its rise as early as the third quarter of the eighteenth century."

The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist

By GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, Professor of English in Harvard University.
Cloth, crown 8vo, \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.15

The book endeavors to fill a gap in the discussions of Shakespeare's art by distinguishing his debt as a dramatic writer to his predecessors or contemporaries, indicating his contribution to each of the varied forms, chronicle play, farce, melodrama, comedy of manners, high comedy, and tragedy. Professor Baker has made clear the interesting progress of the dramatist toward the mastery of his art, and has illustrated the work with views of London and of the life of the theatre in Shakespeare's day.

What is Shakespeare?

An Introduction to the Great Plays

By L. A. SHERMAN, Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska.
Cloth, large 12mo, xii + 414 pp., \$1.00 net.

Short Sketches of Shakespeare's Plots

By CYRIL RANSOME, Professor of Modern Literature and History in the Yorkshire College of the Victoria University.
Cloth, 12mo, viii + 200 pp., \$1.00 net

Shakespeare's Heroines

By ANNA JAMESON. With twenty-six portraits of famous players in character.
Cloth, 8vo, 341 pp., \$2.00
The same without the illustrations. Bohn Library. *\$1.00 net*

Shakespeare in Tale and Verse

By LOIS G. HUFFORD. *Cloth, 12mo, ix + 445 pp., \$1.00 net*
The same. Standard School Library. *\$.50 net*

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare

By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. *\$2.50*
The same. Eversley Series. *\$1.50*. The same. Bohn Library Edition. *\$1.00 net*.
Pocket Classics Edition. Edited by Canon Ainger. *\$.25*. English Classics Edition. *\$.40*. Standard School Library. *\$.50 net*. Golden Treasury Series. *\$1.00*.

Characters of Shakespeare's Plays

By WILLIAM HAZLITT. *Cloth, \$1.50*

Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets

Edited by FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. Golden Treasury Series. *\$1.00*

Shakespeare — *English Men of Letters*

By Professor WALTER RALEIGH

Blue cloth, gilt tops, 75 cents net; by mail, 85 cents

PROFESSOR DOWDEN in the *Nation* :—

"Professor Raleigh has felt over again, with penetrative, imaginative, and fine intelligence, the beauty and the greatness of Shakespeare's poetry; he has only placed these in their proper environment, and by virtue of a rare charm of style enabled us to see with his eyes a most harmonious vision. . . . A wise and beautiful book."

A Life of William Shakespeare New Edition Revised

By SIDNEY LEE, Editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography"

Cloth, 12mo, 445 pages and a full index, \$2.25 net

The *Standard*, Chicago :—

"'Monumentally excellent' was the expression used by Mr. Henry A. Clapp in speaking of Mr. Lee's recent publication. Coming from such a source, this is high praise indeed, but the reader cannot fail to find it justified."

William Shakespeare : Poet, Dramatist, and Man

By HAMILTON W. MABIE *Illustrated, \$2.00 net*

Also an edition without illustrations, uniform with the Eversley Shakespeare, \$1.00 net

This work is far more than a mere life of the poet. Indeed, it is conceived on lines so broad and executed in a spirit so generous that it is rather an interpretation than a record. It is written throughout from the literary standpoint and stands almost alone in the fidelity, the sanity, and the candor of its appreciations.

A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne

By A. W. WARD *Cloth, \$9.00 net*

A SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

VOLUME I—The Origins of the English Drama. The Beginnings of the Regular Drama. Shakespeare's Predecessors. Shakespeare.

VOLUME II—Shakespeare (continued). Ben Jonson. The Later Elizabethans. Beaumont and Fletcher.

VOLUME III—The End of the Old Drama. The later Stuart Drama.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

CANCELLED
APR 15 1919
CANCELLED
12 21 1919

Widener Library



3 2044 100 887 074